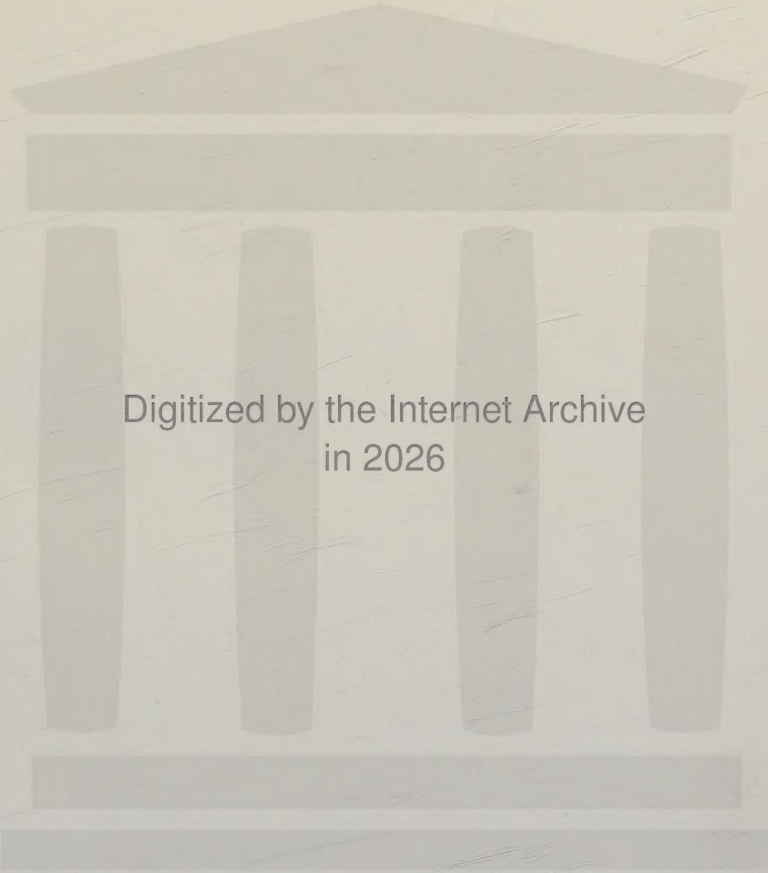






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LETTERS AND POEMS OF
QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

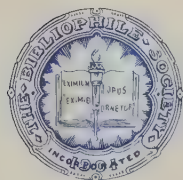
VOLUME II



LETTERS AND POEMS OF
QUEEN ELISABETH
(CARMEN SYLVA)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY
HENRY HOWARD HARPER



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LETTERS AND POEMS OF QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

[The next letter is unique, in that it is perhaps the most spontaneous and open-hearted expression of meekness and gratitude ever written by a reigning Queen to an individual in the ordinary walks of life. It is the first letter that the Queen wrote to her correspondent after he and his family had been her guests at the royal palace in Bucarest.

There is a very prevalent, though highly erroneous, impression that riches and power bring great happiness and contentment, and that in these respects Kings and Queens are the most fortunate people in the world. The following letter will be a lesson worthy of study by such as labor under this misapprehension. Were it not signed, one might suspect it to have been written by some poor downcast philosopher, expressing acknowledgement and gratefulness to a good Samaritan who had raised him from the depths

of melancholy despair and put him on his feet again. It contains much food for serious thought: "Everybody ought to help everybody," says the Queen; "And doing good keeps one young like nothing else. . . . Every kind word sinks deep into the heart. . . . We are here to fight evil and to make good greater, and the unhappy happier."

In reference to the first paragraph, it will be remembered that Elisabeth, like most royal personages whose nuptials are mere matters of "convenience," was not, either by nature or experience, very much of a sentimentalist in "love-affairs," in the common acceptation of that term. She was complaisant and warm-hearted toward all her fellow beings, but she was too preoccupied in her devotion to the welfare of others to concern herself deeply with affairs of the heart. However, her first meeting with Prince Charles, which is reported to have occurred while she was tumbling headlong down a stairway just as he was ascending, is said to have been a case of "love at first sight."

Although she wrote love-stories, she says in one of these letters, "What one calls being in love has never been in my line. I thought so much more of Friendship always as a much

less transitory thing, as a much deeper and utterly unselfish thing, whilst in what one generally calls love there is engrossing selfishness." She therefore uses the word "love" here in its most comprehensive sense.]

Bucarest, February 17, 1903.

My dear kind friends: —

Your dear letters gave me the most intense joy! There is nothing that can make life so beautiful as love and love and love again! Nothing there is that is worth living for, but love! Nothing is a blessing but love!

I wasn't sure where to write to, as I was very sure that you wouldn't stay in Monaco if you could help it. That is not a place for my dear Trio! Nature can only be a perfect comfort if humanity is away, but Monaco is a very hell, and all the surrounding beauty can't make it better, as one feels the foul atmosphere everywhere. I hope the child didn't set feet into the play-hell! — because the impression is so horrible that it would be better for her to visit a hospital and see the dead and dying! I have got two intense horrors in this world: the gambling tables and

the racing grounds. In both places you see nothing but rotten things, and the worst human passions are set free and walk about, naked and shameless!

I have worked hard since you are away. I am quite sorry that you can't hear the progress I have made in music, but nobody has heard it yet. I am working away at it with fresh steam, and want to show something in a little while; not the perfection of playing, but the grand beauties of the pieces! Also I have given my little chalice cover, and the dear old gentleman wept so that he could scarcely speak, and carried it away to the photographer, and there he was still weeping! It will be the last great joy of those two bereaved ones, who have given their last penny for the church in remembrance of their only child. It cost them six hundred thousand francs, and it isn't finished! And now they have scarcely enough for their last days to live upon! It is very touching. You see, they had the same feeling that I always had, to make a church! They have made a hospital as well, but I think the church the greater blessing of the two. I think everything that elevates the soul the greater boon. Therefore your coming over the ocean to see me has

been the greatest boon you have ever given in your lives. You can never do a greater good than that again!

It has been a fresh incentive for work and love, and even as small a question as that: "Don't you play anything alone?" has sent me off into Chopin and things I played forty years ago, — and they begin to sound well! I haven't told anybody because I want to surprise them, but I fear I shall never overcome the shyness that lames me in presence of others.

Perhaps it is a hidden vanity to want to do better than one can, or that one thinks of one's self and not only of the author one represents. But when I read I am never shy. The communication between the brain and the lips is so much quicker and surer than with the fingers. I found that telegraphy very slow! The mistakes in typewriter show it! But I hope to overcome that weakness also and to perfect everything with care and patience. Some day all will be so much better and easier, when I have overcome the horrors of past events and the kind of fear they have left behind. I even know now when I am tired, because then fear seems to master me and lame me, and when I am rested I get the bet-

ter even of the past and its darknesses! Even my gift was endangered by the things that were too hard to bear. But now I mean to spread my wings, and your kind and cheering words have done much towards picking me up and pulling me into shape again, and helping me out of that horrible fear! I see it like a monster that is crouching at my feet, ready to spring at me whenever I don't keep my foot on it! But I hope to send it underground completely before long, to forget the past, and to go on my way in nothing but light and strength. Oh you have helped me wonderfully! Everybody ought to help everybody, but oh how often people are only intent upon keeping one down and treading one into the dust instead of understanding that if you rise the whole of humanity will rise as well. I feel that we could all hold each other by the hands and climb up and onward into brighter regions!

I am so thankful you didn't let yourself be engaged in any material affair [here], so that nobody could lay hands upon you, but that you remained a kind of myth to them, and only benefactors and friends.

Kind, kind thanks for the sweet surprise you left behind for me. Not knowing that

Lecomte was a friend, you had to bring me a picture of his! You see how the world is arranged! In all those quantities of pictures, you had to choose my friend to bring me and to give double joy! I wish you had seen the brother's smile when he saw his brother's drawing! When one means to give pleasure one always does more than one thought. And when one does harm one does much worse than one means to; it is the story of the stone thrown in the water, ever and ever again. One ought never to hesitate when one means to do a kindness, because one can't know the consequences, which may be indefinite! Things have come back to me over the ocean after having gone round by Australia! The world is so small, and yet so unlimited space for kindness in it! Unfortunately, also, unlimited space for ill and evil! But we are all here to fight evil and to make good greater, and the unhappy happier! I can never tell you the good you did me by coming! Perhaps never in your lives will you be able again to do such good. You can't judge of the extent, as it is impossible to explain all the past, and to look sufficiently into the future. Even your happiness together is a blessing for all those who meet

you, and an example for many! You don't even know what a blessing it is to see such unity and such love and such happiness. God bless you all, and make you strong and allow you to be young for many, many years to come, — I mean spiritually young. And doing good keeps one young like nothing else! How many poor writers may you relieve and help, as you have already done! How many will be encouraged by your strong hand! I am so grateful for your stay here, as if I had had the world laid open before me and the possibility of doing the double of what I ever dreamed.

Oh blessed love! I must write a hymn to love, because it is so beautiful! Every kind word sinks deep into the heart and one doesn't even know what precious grain it may quicken into life!

Oh how I wish I might sit with you in your little corners where you live and love, and listen to the music of the dear voices, that always have something kind to say, and that have the way of presenting things so sweetly!

I made a mistake that I must redress directly! I didn't quite understand when you asked me how you were to address me or the Princess. Only simply Madam, when formally!

But to me you needn't be formal. I am your dear Queen, and all sorts of things! I understood you wanted the address on the envelope. No, it is always Madam to the Queen, as to any lady; it is so convenient in English! Only I have got ever so many names I am addressed by; a very old friend used to call me Queen Bess when I was quite a child still, and nobody thought of a throne for me — though I can't say they didn't. My friends always wanted to put me on a throne, and I had a terror of that dreadful place, always! I didn't know then that I might be Mama Regina some day! But once one is Mama Regina, even the throne loses its horror, and may become a very beautiful dwelling place, fragrant and lovely and churchlike! It isn't the place that makes the people; it's the people that makes the place! Therefore nobody can be missed, or everybody will be missed forever, as the place can be filled, but the person that filled it and made it what it was, is gone!

God bless you ever and ever for having been here and brought all the help and encouragement you did! One is always sent there when it is necessary for one's fellow-men that one should go. So if ever I am necessary in

America I shall be most certainly sent there. Just wait and be patient and all things will come as they must and as they are ordained. One has only to listen and one is told what to do. You were told to come here, to get up my courage and my strength again, when I couldn't find the swing into the air, like the swallow that falls into your room and can't get sufficient air under its wings. How often have I picked one up and thrown it into the air and away it flew! But it couldn't rise before I had taken it up from the ground; that wasn't its element! That is what one has to do so often for one's fellow-men, — lift them into their element and throw them into it so that they may fly or swim again! That is what you did for me, and I shall ever thank you for it! It is stupid to let myself be crushed! But circumstances are against one so badly sometimes that one can't arise any more, though your wings be ever so strong and ever so healthy! Now I feel as if I was rising again, and stronger than the wind that is meant to carry me onward. God bless you, my dear kind friends! God bless you with peace and joy and increasing love! Never think you love enough! God bless the dear child! She must also write to me when writ-

ing has become easy to her. Let her try a small typewriter. That won't tire her so, and [will] amuse her in learning!

Thank you again and again. Ever yours,
ELISABETH

Bucarest, March 27, 1903.

My dear kind friends: —

Your dear letter came in a moment of despondency, in which I didn't know what to do any more, with ever so many desperate people wanting help from me! I was exasperated and so tired! And there came that dear letter, like a balm, and the feeling that the ocean is no separation at all, but can be overstepped in a second; our thought doesn't even encounter a storm or shipwreck or seasickness, nothing of the kind! Our thought flies before the wind, quicker than a hurricane and gentler than a perfumed breeze!

The love that pours forth from those lines is stronger than the small difference of a few thousand miles, or what poor humanity has deemed such a great gulf! There is no gulf at all, and I can assure you that no stormy sea and not a fortnight on the billows would prevent my coming to you. Only that small invisible chain, called duty! But if once it

lets me go, then my road will be clear in a moment and I shall come to you with the feeling of slipping into a delicious nest of repose and comfort and happiness, and all those dear ladies, old, young, big and small that make your life bright for you will meet me and we shall feel as if we had known each other all our lives! I must see that grand land called America! I must have one look into what humanity can achieve when its will is roused, and it is obliged to sink or swim! I do believe that earth is still too easy and that it shall have to be made still more laborious, in order to obtain from humanity all the gifts back again that lie dormant for lack of energy. And we see that only hunger rouses those energies, except with some privileged natures whose energies don't want any stimulant of so vulgar a kind! Oh how sweet it will be! Let us say it will come because it is such a help when one is tired, to think that there are arms stretched out ready to give one rest and comfort! I assure you the mere thought does me good and makes my road easier. I wonder what degree of hunger would get me out of my stupid mistakes!¹ I am sure it

¹ In the few lines preceding the Queen made a great many corrections in her MS.

is a want of energy in me, and I can't overcome it, but perhaps I don't know how and it is only the impatience of thought that makes me so careless! I want to talk to you, I don't want to think of letters! And with all the drawbacks, the typewriter is such a blessing, as it spares time and strength in such an overworked life as mine is. The last days have simply been unbearable! I stole the moment for my letters. I am sure that all your work went on beautifully, not because you are not necessary, but because you make your people love you and take care of you for love. That also one can obtain but by loving oneself. How I should enjoy seeing those work-engines move so gently, as if all the hinges were constantly oiled and kept nice and clean and therefore inaudible! Rust only comes by uncleanness.

I am a little bit sick and tired in the present moment, but you mustn't pay attention, only think that the thought of the sweet hours of rest you offer me carries me on and keeps me alive. And it will be so different from what we had here where we were always half afraid of disturbances, of jealousies and envies, of eavesdroppers, of ever so many horrid things that ought never to be and

that are so uncivilized and are only begotten by remnants of Byzantinism! I can't fancy a civilized world in that state. But missionaries are not generally sent into the heart of civilization, but very much the contrary, and if they succeed in awakening some good seed, it is all one may ask, — they can't do more. Life is such a queer thing, so very topsy-turvy that it is always difficult to understand it; but what we see as duty, ought to be done, I think; that is the only way to get through. We can't be expected to see further than our poor small noses and our short-sighted eyes, but what they see is probably all we are meant to see. It seems enormous to me that we have the idea of eternity, of justice, of purity, of beauty, when everything that we see is so far from all that. Who has put those visions into our heads? The soul that knows so much more than what it sees; the soul that comes from far and goes far, and to whom limits make no difference!

How I wish I might talk to that dear poet Mabie, and live a little while with him in his *Forest of Arden*! I want to make that out of Segenhaus, a forest of Arden. The outward conditions are excellent, the beauty of the country, the deep forests, the silence, the



lovely view, everything! And the patience of someone who has had an idea for twenty years and means not to die without carrying it out.

My letter has been interrupted, but this time by a great joy: we have the young artist, Thibaud, here with a great friend of his, as good a pianist in his way as Thibaud is violinist; and it is perfect, what they do! I was in raptures! Yesterday they played to me from five till eight o'clock without stopping to breathe. I am afraid they were more tired than they cared to show, but they made us so happy! They wanted to give me all they could give. They meant to make me happy, and they did! Oh but it was grand, and perfect!

Sometimes there are such moments in my life, when one should like them to stand still, and perhaps they must be fugitive to be enjoyed with the intensity we put into them! I feel quite different from what I was when I began my letter. One ought not to write when one is exasperated, because one can't recall the letter when one feels better again. I also had had no rest for days, and been going on all the time. There is a limit to every strength, even mine. And to hear of too

much misery always pulls one down so, and makes one miserable for several days.

I have begun a book that may become interesting; it is my life written from a peculiar standpoint. I call it "My Penates!" And I only speak of those whom I have revered and loved, and need not even name those who did me harm, without being untrue, and yet not indiscreet, or saying things I don't want people to be informed of. The things I wish to remain under a cloud will remain so, and yet not a word of untruth in the whole book, as I begin by saying that there will be no mysteries unsealed, no scandals uncovered; that I only wish to erect a small monument to the memory of those who have been good to me and whom I have honoured and consider as my earthly gods. You see the aim and the simplicity of it. They have written so much stuff and nonsense about me, that really I feel obliged to rectify, if I don't want the legend to overgrow the grand, simple and heavy truth, which is always so much grander than the legend. Who could invent reality so terrible as it is, or so deep as it has cut, or so beautiful as it has modelled you! I wonder what people will think when they read that, and see what a difference between this and

what even well-meaning people have written about me! It has been disgusting sometimes, and especially their trying to make my life appear in such a pleasant light, when it has been distinctly unpleasant, almost all through. It has been a stormy life, perhaps even more so than poor "Queen Margaret's Life" so beautifully described under that title by Fullerton. My life has been so stormy that I often think if I could have been kept, alive, I am meant to enter a time of peace that has been utterly denied me throughout.

If I didn't die before, it is because others are to rest by my side and be comforted, as I know what it is to be stormshaken!

There is one chestnut green in our garden, and many violets and other nice flowers — all so late, as the warm weather didn't set in and there is lack of rain. The King always grows nervous and anxious when no rain comes, as we so entirely depend on our fields and have no industry to speak of. I am begging them so to take the silk industry in hand. I am always raving when they begin with their unbearable stupid politics, instead of trying to find bread for the peasants! We depend on them, yet don't care for them! Oh I wish I might once do what I think, and help, as

I dreamt, that I was going through an immense hall, with my skirt gathered in my hand, full of bread, and went from bench to bench in which clean girls were sitting, hundreds and thousands of them with nice white aprons, and I was giving them bread! Oh if I only could! And I know how — I have studied the country enough to know how. I would make them rich in a very short time, and happy too. They look so unhappy that I am ashamed of every happy hour I enjoy! But the politicians don't see that! They only think of their horrid politics and parties and who is uppermost, but not an instant who is to be made happy! They even don't see that a certain degree of the upper-ten-thousand cultivation can not be carried on if the underground is *jejune* and heather, sand and desert! Civilization ought to be the flower waving its bright head over the ripe fields and rich underground, but not a poor withering thing in a glass bought in Nice or Paris!

I need not say much, as you have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and I am sure you saw a great deal of what I mean, and understand me perfectly.

Did I thank you for the pictures you left for me? They were framed and look so nice.

And it was very amusing that the one was just from the brother of Lecomte, who has painted us so often! I must leave you, and yet I always find something more to say, only in order not to leave you, but to feel the electric current not shut up yet. But it never is, not even when we are silent. I only feel astonished when the words take such a time to cross the ocean! Thank you again and again for your visit here. I wish I could have made it still more comfortable; but I have always to struggle against adverse circumstances and so I can't make a time be quite what I want it to be. But still you must have felt how much you brought; what comfort, what joy, and that always makes one happy. My love to you all. God bless you all and allow you to make everything bright and happy around you. We'll meet again, I know!

ELISABETH

Bucarest, May 4, 1903.

Dear kind friend:—

Your letter came like that soft breeze you speak of, and made me feel all right in a moment! I love you and that darling wife and the exquisite child and I feel that indeed I have a home in your hearts, and if God so

wills it, at your hearth! I feel like a bird wanting to fly away to the gentle clime where it may find comfort and no more feel the biting winter-wind! Oh I hope that no *revers de fortune*, or disaster, so-called disaster, could change you! For I don't call disaster what is not in your deepest soul; only there can be disaster. Your having a little more or a little less fortune, or a higher or lower rank before men, that can never be disaster, when your soul remains pure and high and free. And you will come over again, some day, but to Segenhaus, and feel rested there. It is extremely simple as most of the chairs are beyond sixty, but I must have some new ones made, and I shall order them all at the blind school; they make them very nicely of Reed, or what do you call it? And then we lay cushions on them and they will be painted in the colour of each room as the rooms shall all be painted, each in another soft and quiet colour and the tables and chairs in it the same, to look very harmonious and very rustic and simple, so that no poor people may feel a crushing luxury, and the rich grow simple-minded again, and feel that the greatest comfort is the greatest simplicity! If I succeed with Segenhaus, it will be well indeed for many tired wayfarers.

I got such a beautiful letter two days ago from a young man in Paris, who says that something crushing has gone through his life, and that he met my picture in a shop and bought it before he knew who it was, as it comforted him so! He seems to be well off, as he says he chose the study of medicine in order to devote his life to humanity. I believe from what he says that he must have been engaged to that young Russian student who was shot by her best friend, a young lady who meant to shoot a man by whom she had felt herself outraged, and missed her aim and shot her best friend instead. I remember reading such a desolating story. And then he got my books, on hearing who that face was that did him good, and now he feels compelled to write to me and he sends me some poems of such beauty that I feel sure he is going to be something very remarkable, and good. That letter has lifted me up in its turn and given me the conviction that all the souls ought to belong to each other, in brotherly love and mutual help. I wrote to him how right he is, instead of killing himself, to go into the huts of the despairing and to bring comfort from the height of the despair he has borne. Once one hasn't killed one's self

it shows that one has the strength to live for others! I hope to show that in the "Penatenwinkel." Some chapters are dedicated to old servants, to a poor old blind woman who has been a great lesson to me all my life, a lesson of contentment and thankfulness. I should be happy indeed if that book might be brought out at the same time in America. If you will take charge of it, I am sure of success. I want to spread work! Indeed I have made every sacrifice in that direction till now, but not with the result I hoped for, so I must see quite another road. Probably there is one I didn't see till now. One ought never to worry, as everything gets into shape when the time is ripe for it.

I am working very hard just now, at all sorts of things, — the church, another gold-work for another church for Sinaia, then all that writing! Fancy, I have found someone who takes every article I send, and spreads it in ever so many papers, that makes ever so many small sums for Segenhaus; but many make a lot in the end! Then at "Penatenwinkel!" I have got two hundred pages already, and have only arrived at my thirteenth year. But a hard life it has been throughout. People will wonder that there are lives so

hard from the first, and never seem to change. But yet there be unchanging love and gratefulness in a heavy life too, and that is to be the guiding thread through that labyrinth of troubles. I don't even name those that have darkened it, but let the veil of silence fall over them and hide them from view. There was the great difficulty every time I tried to write my life, — I felt as if it was untrue, and if true, indiscreet! But so I begin by saying that there will be no scandal and no mysteries revealed in my book, but only a book of love; it is to be a book of unbounded thankfulness for all the good people I have met. And it is astonishing how many they were! How small are in reality the defects of poor humanity, for the moment you get far enough back the picture becomes luminous and as clear and bright as if never a fault or a weakness had been there!

Then I am also writing an Idyl out of this country, a true story; perhaps I might try and send it? I have had two lovely pictures of our great painter Grigoresco chromoed, so as to form two illustrations for that little book and make it still more interesting. It is a shepherd love and tragedy. I call it "In the Lunca!" Lunca means a wood and meadow

and field near a river, in the valley of a river, what in German one would call Gelände. It is a very simple and very tragical love story, as it happened. And told in the simplest way possible, as if it were only the thoughts of the girl; as she can't write, she is not supposed to keep a diary, but she thinks all the time and feels still more, and speaks to herself as she has nobody to speak to, being a flower-child! That is how the Roumanians call a foundling. I hope it will be a sweet little book and people may like it. People always want love stories! Mine that are most read are of that order, and I have written so few! What one calls being in love has never been in my line! I thought so much more of Friendship always as a much less transitory thing, as a much deeper and utterly unselfish thing, whilst in what one generally calls love there is engrossing selfishness. Our great poet Alexandri has said that in a few words so wonderfully, where he weeps over the love of his youth and says, "Thou who hast gone into the dark eternity, thou little star of my heart, Where art thou! Do you remember still when we were quite alone in the world, you and I!!!" I think it is wonderfully felt and wonderfully expressed. For lovers are

alone in the world, and in a good love story the third person has only to come in to destroy, but not to further anything, ever! !

It is difficult to name the nature of one's trouble right over the ocean, though it is in safe keeping once it gets there. But before it has left the house it may be read and talked over already! And then you see one most always thinks that present trouble will soon belong to the past, and only count as a development of the soul, as a fire it had to go through to come out brighter and better! The fact of the suffering is not so essential as the result, as what you make out of it for others! And I hope to turn every hour of pain to semi-profit and benefit for others!

I saw Bengesco the other day. He loves you and was still full of pity for the anxious days of trial you so bravely went through in Constantinople. He is just finishing a bibliographical work about me in the greatest details, translating many of my poems into French, to let the French public enjoy them too; and so well, so accurately translated! He has taken enormous pains about it; he has written to everyone where the slightest things of mine have appeared, and put everything into the right places. I wonder if that

book will be bought! I shall make him sign one for you, and sign it myself, so that it may be a double souvenir.

Your window¹ is in its place and speaks gentle words to me whilst I look up and dream and think of love that came to me over the ocean! Fancy that kind Carnegie giving seven millions for a palace of peace, when there will be war on the globe as long as it exists! And my palace of peace which will be a real one and outlive all future wars, as it is going to be international and to stand every kind of war, as the people united there must be quite beyond passion and hatred and stand even a war between their nations without one movement of unkindness or unfairness! Oh what a pity! This time I really winced! Because this time I thought it unjust to spend millions on an empty palace, instead of so many who don't know where to lay their heads and want rest and a nest so badly! I have taken in two stray little birds and it is so much beyond my means that I run into debt! And there are so many hoping and waiting! I have met with reproof at the selling of my jewels, but with no help at all. Oh dear!

¹ Her correspondent had contributed a memorial window for her church.

Just think of all that money gone for nothing, when the tenth part of it would help me so wonderfully! Seven millions! One feels quite giddy at the thought, and to think that nobody is to inhabit that, or to be made happier by that, or to be helped; only those stupid congresses to be held, that are regularly the precursors of war! And people say that Carnegie has such a great admiration for me! But dear me, if his admiration would change into help for humanity, that is all I should ask of him and all the admiration I require. I want such a big library, as I want learned people of all nations to be able to come and write books in the quiet of that house, and so of course they want a library. That is the first requisite. And Carnegie says he loves libraries! But what library will be put into the palace of the peace! Most inane books! For nothing sensible or practical has as yet been written on the subject, whilst my muscular christianity goes much further, and means to unite all nations in one abode of peace, from which light and rest shall stream over all parts of the world! Oh what a pity! And all that mass of money will soon be gone, and the thing not done that was most needful, for there is no greater need

than an abode of rest for those who know not where to go! And that beautiful country [around Segenhaus], that magnificent view! Everything is there to give comfort, whilst I must think if I may change those horrid petroleum lamps into pure unsmelling and bright spirit lamps with *Auer strümpfchen* that give such a strong light for all those who wish to work late at night and who must not spoil their eyes, nor bear the smell of petroleum! But those lamps are dear, and I must count the pennies, as nobody helps me! Seven millions before my door in the Hague that is six hours drive! Seven millions, — oh what a pity! Fancy the blessing of that money in the right hands — instead of a palace, a home! Is there anything better to build than a home, ever so simple, ever so primitive, but a place where you may stay and rest as long as you want it! My idea is decidedly grander and more necessary and encompasses the world! For if anyone asks to come from Australia he shall be welcome as long as there is a room. I am building a tiny house for the gentlemen apart, for the present, till I can build a whole wing, at least a few rooms, because it is disagreeable to be so near to one another when you are strangers

and wish to be by yourself. Not much more than a blockhouse, but quite comfortable and sufficient for six or eight gentlemen and two or three servants. All the artists can be put there, as I take care of a music room. My first care in a house is always the music room, and the next, things for rest, as hard-working people want rest in the first place. I have an idea and I mean to execute it! No sacrifice is too great for it, no pain too tiring! But of course I want help, else I can't do it. I am not rich, and I have a great many poor subjects. It would be a shame for me to be rich as long as my country is so poor.

Just now there is a delicious musician here, a very great one, and his young wife, who has been his scholar since her eleventh year, and who plays like a poem! She plays like your darling recites — dramatically and poetically, and she is but two and twenty, so just at the beginning of her career. I wish I could send them to you. They are so perfect. He was at the conservatory at Frankfurt, and very nearly came here — what a pity! Dinico had gone to fetch him for us when the minister sent for another man, who didn't do! It is such a pity! To hear them

play together on two pianos is a delight! It is too wonderfully beautiful! I must try and send them to America. There is also a great tragedian going over in autumn. I have written recommendations for her to all those I knew; she is very poor and so I made her a gift of my plays. She has with incredible efforts learnt English so as to be able to play Shakespeare in English, as she adores him and is born to play Lady Macbeth, and others. She was very much appreciated on her first tour in America, and has now an engagement for September, so that I may try and send her to Chicago. She also recites monologues of me, which I shall get Miss Hopkirk to translate, without the dreadful corrections of Davis, who nearly spoiled them altogether! Old Mrs. Hopkirk wept at the thought that people might think her daughter wrote such English, when her English is really beautiful. Then she will recite my original English poems, and that may interest people so that she may recite in salons. She is honorability itself; a little bit crazy, like all people who have suffered too much, but as good and as enthusiastic as possible, believing in goodness and always disappointed in finding the world so hard and not enthusiastic at all! It is quite

touching to me to see such naïveness when I know the world so long.

The world is a funny place, sometimes distinctly unpleasant, and yet full of goodness as well! Now that letter from that young man, half French, half Russian, is beautiful, and I shall try and make him known to Enesco, so that those two may become friends. I have the feeling that the Slavonic element in their natures will blend. There will be affinity of race, though Enesco always defends himself against the Slav element; but his grand-mother was a Cossack, so it is not exactly a wonder. I think there is nothing like mixtures of races, to produce something exquisite.

Now I must tear myself away from my friends, as there is so much writing to be done and I have only the same hours of letters and other writing. And as I must earn money the writing becomes a serious affair. Good bye, and love and joy to you, and a sweet home for ever and ever! You do so much good that your home is sanctified and won't be lessened. It is only the selfish who have to learn to do without the light of their hearts, till they understand other people and their pain. But you understand and feel that you

must give light to all and happiness to all you can reach. Haven't you brought me comfort and happiness? God bless you!

Ever yours most affectionately,

ELISABETH

Bucarest, May 28, 1903.

My dear kind friends: —

I feel that I have been keeping you waiting very long for a letter, but I have been so hard at work lately that I couldn't spare one single moment, as I want to get on and letter writing doesn't make books progress!

Thank you so much for every word of love. I have so much to tell you, and so many things that I cannot tell you, that I am almost choking!

In the first place tell M[oloch] to take care and not allow herself to be led into mistakes. I have the direct proof of the contrary of what she has heard. She remembers a little maid, who was considered half idiotic by us all, whom I took out of the gutter! Well, that is the reporter who has to watch every one of my movements. During the last ball she was at her post in the upper gallery and reported that I had talked longer to the sister of M[oloch] than to any other per-

son, and poor Madam Mavrojeny got a scene for that from the master.¹ So you see there is no progress yet and she is only to be made sure in order to do some imprudent thing and to be led on to utter destruction! Tell her not to believe a word, as I have lately put my hand into a whole nest of intrigue — oh it is too horrible! And now at last I send away that woman, whom I took out of the gutter, married here and kept in the house as the wife of the chatelain; and when she became a widow, put her again into the linen room! But now there happened a disagreeable story with one of my deaf and dumb girls and I profit by the occasion to send her away, though I have a fight for it, and even the master wouldn't allow it, because she is the best spy in the whole house! Now you can't imagine the disgust I feel and the horror of it all! But the one whom M[oloch] thinks has come round is worse than ever! I think she is madly jealous of me. She said the other day to Madam Mavrojeny: "The Queen can't bear me, and yet I have been so devoted to her as no other person! Who has saved her from M. but me!" Does that sound as if she was coming around? No; beware — for God's

¹ The King.

sake! I always know when she has had the ear of the master, for I get sour looks and not a kind word for many days! Oh you don't know what it is to tremble all one's life!

I am so tired of it all! Tell M. to be more than careful, because I see that one means to make her sure and then to tear her to pieces! We can prove that we never corresponded, that we never heard of each other, that we never tried to meet! That woman has made the master wild about M.; he can't hear her name without entering into a perfect fury! Don't believe anything anybody says. It's not true. It is only a new intrigue and as people know that the master is dreadfully suspicious they take him by that unfortunate weak side, and harp upon it!

Better not speak of all these miseries, only tell M. to beware and to keep quiet. Tell her that vengeance is taken in God's own hands in such a way as we could never have dreamt or wished, or even desired! It will be something awful! Once already the master nearly died of it, so that now I keep everything from him. But now it is coming down and nothing will keep it any more; he must know many truths, and bear them! I see Nemesis in everything! But what a dreadful

thing! It is ten times worse than anything we could have invented if we had wanted to avenge ourselves! It is true what the Bible says, that When God avenges you he does it till into the third or seventh generation! In any case I watch some of them and see! It is awful to witness! Tell M. not to whisper a word just now, till our time comes, — and it is very near! But one must always beware of the last tail strokes of a wild beast one has killed! They can bring death, they are still very strong! Every hour brings something just now, and there will be a final crash. I see it coming! Only patience and be wary and not a move, and not a word! You see I have the proofs of the contrary of what M. believes. She sent me word of the same already and I had no means of telling her that she was mistaken. Oh no, that woman will never lay down arms as long as she can breathe! I think the almost startling jealousy of me is the groundnote of every act. This watching of me is almost weird! I am so tired of it all! Don't answer! For God's sake, not a word! I never know what is read. That woman has spoiled my married life, my relations to mother and brother, everything! She has intrigued where she could, so that I

might have nobody in the world but herself! And now she sees that she has won nothing and that the fruit of all her machinations escapes her completely. Here also is Nemesis! Only for our human feeling, Nemesis seems slow sometimes! But only a little patience and we win! We shall be stronger and higher than all our enemies because we did harm to nobody; on the contrary we were magnanimous to all. This time my patience is at an end, and as I have another reason for sending that woman away, it is so good! I don't appear to know that she has been a spy all these years! Fancy, to watch to whom I speak at a ball, amongst those thousands of people! And to make the master angry again and send him into new furies! It is unimaginable, too middle-age to seem possible. And if I wasn't the martyr of it all, I shouldn't believe it. I should say it is too medieval for our days. But it is really Louis XI, only that there is no garden with hung people in it; morally hung, yes; morally decapitated, yes; and for our days that is quite enough!

I see the future very dark indeed, and very dreary! I am sure they are going into a war again, especially since Carnegie has given seven millions for the house of peace!! The

last time there was the congress for peace the war in South Africa broke out; and dire it was, — much worse than we shall ever know! The King has seen some one from the Orange state and says all the cruelties are true and the poor Boers are ruined completely! And all for money and gold, and gold and diamonds! That will bring disaster on the head of England! Such things are always punished when it is least expected. England has lost every friend it had!

Isn't it funny that people scream at us because in a time of terrible distress, even famine, not only Jews but ever so many Protestant and Catholic families had to leave the country, because there was no bread for them! Jews don't plow, and don't till; they live upon handicraft; and not an order was given, not a house built, no shoes and no clothes bought any more. And about the Boers, not a word was said; and they were really killed by thousands, women and children! One invented a Saint Bartholomew night in Roumania and never asked how many Christians had been done away with in Constantinople! And besides those Jews had only wandered in in floods when they were chased out of Russia, forty years ago!

They were not Roumanian in the least, and never will be! The Roumanians themselves are beginning to leave the country because there is no bread! That is the consequence of not allowing strangers to come in, because they are afraid that strangers will take away their land! And they want all the land to be distributed amongst the peasants, even that belonging to the landed proprietors! The people haven't yet forgotten that the whole upper-ten-thousand are strangers; Greeks that have come in two or three hundred years ago and sucked the life out of the country! They want to do away with them and to have the land to themselves. The movement is growing steadily! All those upper-ten-thousand are nearly completely ruined and now is the day for the peasants, and not to be despised! That is our social question. And very difficult it is to deal with! You can fancy that they are not ready to receive other strangers after they have suffered for centuries from those Greeks from the Phanar in Constantinople! They mean to be their own masters now, and to have the country to themselves at last. And now the rest of the world mixes in and won't allow them to be masters in their own home! What a curious fate for a country! They

won't allow it to live! They want to treat it as a beehive to render all their honey and be killed with hunger afterwards! Nobody ever took an interest in the inhabitants of this country, and yet they are well worth noticing, and I take every possible pains to raise them and to make them a wee bit happier. They are so dreadfully unhappy! First find something to live for the Roumanians and afterwards for the strangers, whom nobody has called and who are very often the scum of other nations! You can fancy that not the best wander into a country where nothing is made easy for strangers!

We have the very worst of all nations here! I am often ashamed of the Germans here, and no other nation sends in her best citizens, but just the refuse!

Oh I wish I could write more and more about it, and awaken some little sympathy with my poor, poor people! They deserve interest, as they have been unhappy since centuries, and owing to strangers, never being strong enough to keep them out of their country. What are we against America! and even America is beginning to take measures against the inroads of strangers! They begin to find that they want to keep their

land to themselves and not have strangers eat it up! You see, and America is strong and rich and powerful, and we are neither of all these!

I have just begun to write my life in a very nice form. I call it the corner of my Penates. So that I may write the truth and never name people who have done me harm, but only those whom I loved and revered. I thought of publishing it as articles in newspapers first. If I could do that simultaneously in Germany and America, that would bring in a fund for Segenhaus, wouldn't it? You must see that it is for an international good that I mean to do that, and then it will meet with no difficulty! Or do you advise me to wait till the book appears as such in a whole, then of course I would let it appear almost simultaneously in Germany and America and if possible get it quickly translated into French as well.

That would be a pretty income for Segenhaus, wouldn't it? I can't go on like that. I am so deep in debt that I must find some means of helping myself.

I have got an old Italian embroidery that my mother left me. It is without a flaw; not a gobelin, something else, but most splendid. My mother meant to sell it once and had it

taxed, and it was taxed fifty thousand francs, forty thousand marks. It is as big as a wall, which it covers completely, five meters on four meters and a half, but really very beautiful. There are rich people in America who might like such a thing in their palace, and who don't think that a very big sum. And to me it would mean everything. I tried in Germany to sell it, but people must see it first, and I am afraid that if I expose it they might spoil it. It is so beautiful; not a stitch is undone, not a spot in the whole of it. One ought to interest someone in the good of the house and make them buy it as a help to great good for humanity, as it is to be international! That will be the house of peace, won't it?

My book is growing fast. I have written two hundred pages and only arrived at my thirteenth year yet! I have also written an Idyl that pleases people very much. Miss Hopkirk will translate that very quickly and I can send it to you. Perhaps people would like to read it. I write now all the time articles for papers of all kinds, and every penny goes to Segenhaus. You see I work hard for my grand idea and mean to make it something splendid and everlasting. Even wars may pass by that house and leave it

untouched and unmolested, and the people in it peaceful and sad, but not taking any part in any way except to do good to the wounded and unhappy!

I couldn't finish my letter yesterday. I am just a little overworked in the present moment. I think of the sweet rest I shall get in Segenhaus! In summertime it will be worth while after so much hard labour!

Will you kindly thank the poet who wrote the charming book I enjoyed so deeply and devoured in a few hours! I didn't stop reading if I could help it. It is so beautiful! I must try and get all the other books by Eggleston, if they are all so beautiful, so fresh as from a well, as from a spring! People don't know what good such fresh and lively books can do in our time of scepticism and hideousness. One believes one can't be true unless one is horrid! But beauty is just as true, and self-sacrifice, and harmony! Why not show these a little bit? It does one good! An old Scotch chauffeur on an English steamer lying in Constantza, called to the Princess when he saw her pass: "Awh ye are a right bonnie lassie! It does one's heart good to see ye!" Well, it does one's heart good to read a good book!

I am sure that my Roumanian Idyl, which

is true, by the bye, would give pleasure. I will send it to you, and also my Life as it comes to be written and translated. You may happen to like it. Perhaps I must also think of my first editor, who says he is young and a hard-working rising man, who has every pain to rise, and so I ought perhaps to help him. You may judge. I can't from here. But you can do him more good than I can. Of course I try to do good wherever I am called upon the scene; but then I must be helped toward it, being often ignorant of the circumstances.

I am afraid my letter is tiresome, but I am tired, and going through much that is unpleasant, and more than that! Oh how I wish I could sit in your house and help you to build it, with a big apron on, and forget all the trouble and all the care and all the worries! I am making some finer work than that, but something so pretty that you will be quite astonished, if ever I can show it you. Two beautiful works, but one is like a spider-web, all worked with seed pearls! They are not put on afterwards, but worked into it so pretty! I call it the little tearkerchief of my life and want to offer it to some altar and beg to have to shed no more!

God bless you for every kind thought you send me; God bless your darlings and keep you happy, peaceful and calm, and doing good all round you! How is the writer of the *Forest of Arden*? Have you told him that I want to make Segenhaus into the real forest of Arden if I can, and if God allows me to do it? Here the strife for life must stop; not a wave of that may reach it, but only the rays of peace, just as if one had really got nearer to Heaven! It may be such a blessing for humanity! We'll lay the book in every room so that people may instantly understand what we want and mean, and what it is to be. That book will make it clear to them in a moment. And when we begin to write about it we'll always say that it is meant to be the forest of Arden! Then they will understand what I want. God bless you and make you happy wherever you can reach.

ELISABETH

Bucarest, June 2, 1903.

My dear kind friends: —

Today I come with a very, verry, verrrrry difficult question! But I have been begged for help by people that are worth it, and I can't! I haven't a penny! But as I be-

lieve *qu'ils sont des gens d'avenir*, and very soon able to pay back what they ask for, sooner than I who have borrowed money myself!!!!!!!

I venture to expose the case, in hopes that you may perhaps find a help for them and tell them how to get into money again. He is a real artist, one of first teachers in Germany, and had a splendid position in Frankfort, at the conservatorium. But he lived in no happy union, his wife being a hopeless spendthrift. He has got a son who is an engineer, and a married daughter I believe, one daughter at home, and on account of her he refrained from divorcing for a long time, till he found some one else to love. Then the cord broke, and he divorced. The judges wanted to declare her incompetent, or how does one call that when one has no more the disposition over one's money? But he wouldn't, and took upon himself the debt of twelve thousand Marks, thinking that he could easily pay it back. But in Frankfort one screamed scandal because he married his pupil; but here comes the hope and the future! She is quite unknown and to my mind one of the first artists I ever heard. Oh but she plays marvelously, — better than Esipoff and all the others to-

gether, because her play is a poem! I feel sure of her future, and he too. But he had to go, and to accept a much lesser position in Berlin, and now he wants to begin to travel with her, first to London and then I advised them to go to America. I wonder if one couldn't make him what Godowsky was till now, Director of the Conservatoire of Chicago, or something. He is a first rate musician, and if all his pupils turn out like this one, there will be something wonderful in the world in good music. I am convinced that if he could find that money advanced he could very soon pay it back, and be free. His young wife is ready to work for him with all her power. For her it is a very good beginning of her career to be backed by such a husband, such a first rate musician, and protected, as she is so very young. When she is at the piano she becomes handsome, so interesting! Just now is a very grand moment for London, but if they are in such a dilemma it is very difficult even to travel. Can you help? I shouldn't venture to ask for such a thing if I didn't see a very brilliant future and the possibility of repaying the debt, especially if he condescends to let his first wife be put *nunter Curatel*. I don't know the expression in English. When they play on

two pianos together it is enchanting. I have heard ever so many artists this winter, but none have given me the pleasure this young woman has given me. And she looks like a very touching child; he strong, healthy, grey-haired, she frail, delicate, shrinking, — till she gets to the piano, when she is literally transformed. I think the future will show that I am right and that she will be the first for some time at least. Else I wouldn't venture to beg for help, but I see an enormous talent that must be helped up and I can't do it as I haven't anything, not even the possibility of repaying my own debt for the present. And besides I could never dispose of so large a sum as twelve thousand marks. I never have them at a time, and ever so many poor waiting for help! The case is very interesting. I am just going to write a lot of letters for them for England, but there they have recommendations from the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, and the Dowager Empress, who were in perfect ecstasies and recommended them most warmly to me. Perhaps you would help them on in America, — you will be in raptures with their playing. When they play on two pianos together it is perfect; one can't fancy anything more delightful and good.

He plays also most beautifully, but he feels himself that he is a good musician, but that she is a genius; she has all the poetry. But remaining in his hands she will even grow instead of falling into the dangers of the virtuosa career. Can you help? It would be a good deed and you would be richly rewarded. You see, it is no young thoughtless man, but one hard-pressed by adverse winds, and I think with one pull one might land him, and then the career is open before them. He would be a perfect director de conservatoire as he is such a musician. Formerly one travelled to Frankfort to get lessons from Kwast, and to say that one is his pupil. He is one of the first professors in Germany. And nowadays that means much. Sometimes there come such moments in life where one can't do without help. I saw that he looked harassed and anxious, but he said nothing, and only yesterday I got his letter in which he says that one word of mine makes him dare to come to me in the hour of need. I said that I had written an enthusiastic letter to my friends in America and that this gives him the courage to ask for help where there is so much money! I am sure you can, as your aim in life is to help, and you can find money much

sooner than I can, especially you can get it back and I never! Money lent by a sovereign is gone. One never gets it back! How could one! And I can't breathe just now, on account of Segenhaus. Fancy, Carnegie giving seven millions again to that empty house without a future, for in that house peace may be proclaimed ever so many times, and wars will follow as they did before, whilst Segenhaus will be the house of peace and rest for all nations; not a word of hatred is allowed there. Oh Carnegie, if he only knew what a wiseless thing he is doing and what a beautiful thing is growing up beside that, so near that one can almost go and dine and come back again. But perhaps it is nicer that my creation means every degree of sacrifice. It will be more blessed! My selling my jewels and those my mother wore and put round my neck with her dying hands, and those my grandmother wore, and my child, all gone! And most of my wedding gifts are sold as well, — only a few things I kept for presents, wedding and christening, as they cost more than if I give things of mine! And now I write away, in all the papers. I think of writing articles also for America if that would fetch money for Segenhaus. Every penny I earn goes to Segenhaus. And

there are several unhappy people in it already, and others waiting to be let in. And all the artists have promised to come during the summer when I am there. Oh I am so sorry I couldn't show it you! You would have loved it in its great simplicity. And I don't mean to make it luxurious, ever, except in books! Those are a necessity, not a luxury.

My last letter was just gone when yours arrived. How pretty that prospectus is! And what a grand work it will be! I hope to see it built once. That would be joy indeed. I was so tired when I wrote the other day that my mistakes grew at every line. Today I am more rested, but worried, — oh so worried! I can't tell you all that is going on here, and all the troubles that accumulate over our heads in the present moment! And then people go on worrying me with theirs, when I have almost more than I can bear already! I tremble for the King's health; he has grown very thin in a few days, and feels so much weaker than formerly. I always keep telling them that they must keep worries away from him, else his precious life will flow away from him by sheer exhaustion! They don't see what I see, because he always looks up to the mark, but I see the growing weakness and fatigue and

know what it means, as I know better the state of his health than the others. They want not to see, but I have always been brave and looked into the face of truth all my life. My life has been a hard one from the beginning.

What do you think? Would it perhaps be a wise plan to begin by sending the history of my life to America to appear in papers or periodicals as articles? Every chapter bears the name of a person I loved, revered; even of poor old women and of old servants. You know it doesn't count by crowns, but by devotion and goodness! I have already got many chapters finished, and could get them translated by Miss Hopkirk in the shortest time so that it might appear first in America and then only in Germany. What do you say to that? It is all for Segenhaus, else I shouldn't think of the money side at all; but one is a little proud of having achieved the beginning of such a foundation, by one's own efforts!

You understand, as you know me. I feel so quiet when I ask you something, because I am sure you will tell me the truth, having seen that I am accustomed to every kind of hardship and difficulty, even in money matters, even in household troubles, in every

direction! And I want to do for the best, and can't judge by myself, as I am too far away from everything. Therefore friends are to me always friends in need! For my needs [are] constant by all the thousands who expect help from me.

I know you will find me help in every direction. You can do it so much easier than anyone, as one can be so sure of your entire disinterestedness. Nobody will think of anything but pure humanity, love and devotion.

I have got a grand idea for Sinaia, if I have to outlive the others. I shall tell you some day. That also is not for me; that also is to help thousands of unhappy people. I want nothing. I wish I could show you the cabin I kept for myself in Segenhaus. I would do the same in Sinaia, but not tell a living soul. I have grand plans for humanity in every direction, and I don't doubt but I shall find the means to execute them. What a pity that Carnegie can't put his millions to my ideas! That would be help indeed! What work one could do! Fancy the silk one could grow here for the poor peasants! Fancy the institutions for the sick one could erect! One always said that Carnegie gives only for America and Scotland, but now he has given for a humanitarian

idea! And his is quite a weak thing in comparison to what I mean to do. I am sure he doesn't think that a Queen is very poor and never has a penny of her own. People have such erroneous notions about us! Only Kwast seems to know, as he begs me to ask for money in America, sure that I have got none!

He knows better. I am sure that he will quickly earn that, if they have any success at all. Do you know where Mrs. Hartwig is? Can you tell her that her touching money has been hoarded till now in order to give it in a particular case of need, and now that case is found. It will do wonders of help! For a learned man who is a martyr and wants a cure, in order to be able to work on. Tell her that I bless her for that help, as I shouldn't have known where to take it from, without her! And I felt that I must help.

If I send the story of my life to America of course I shall keep the publishing back in Germany so that America may have the first flow of it. You will soon have the little Roumanian Idyl. It is a small poem in prose and very touching; everybody weeps when I read it. My kind beloved good friends, you see I avail myself of all your loving words and come to you for help in the hour of need!

If it is impossible, telegraph "impossible!" That is enough, that I may not keep the poor people in suspense.

Oh if I could but lie in the grass in your sweet mountain home and shut my eyes and hear no sound but the gurgling of the rivulets, and the carol of the birds in the branches overhead, and dream and dream and write and write! And leave you all my MSS. for your library. I must begin to write prose in English. I'll try and send it and you'll see if it is real English. Many little bits make one large one, says the editor who undertook to publish all my articles in different papers. Well, I think that there is a blessing on everything you do for others, and that help always comes to you when it is necessary.

I must write all those letters, and must stop, though I could go on endlessly talking, talking and talking to you about ever so many things. I feel as if we were sitting together, we four, and looking at each other and planning great things for the benefit of poor humanity! Your plans are not the least, as to my mind books are the greatest solace you can give to humanity.

God bless you. God bless Jamesetta, and little Marguerite!

Bucarest, June 13, 1903.

My kind friends:—

Your wish is already fulfilled. I have written to the Count Leon Tolstoy and to the King of Sweden myself, so that I hope you will soon have what you want, if it is possible! The King will most certainly accede to your wish, and perhaps Tolstoy, if he isn't too weak to write, or if one shows him letters that arrive. I believe they keep every fatigue from him. But in any case I have tried. Yesterday the horrible news from Belgrade came and made us almost ill, especially poor Madame Mavrojeny, as the King is the grandson of her sister.

We often wondered how the Serbians bore so much from their King who seemed more and more crazy, but that silence was only the brewing of a dreadful storm. When people make much noise they are not dangerous, but when they wax silent, that bodes no good! Then they take justice into their own hands. But it is horrible! Every hour there are some more people killed! They have put all away who could act against them, or take vengeance or forward other plans! It must have been premeditated since a very long time, and worked out with the utmost care.

The Servian secretary often came to Madame Mavrojeny and warned and implored her to write to the King and tell him that he is in the greatest danger, and that he was not to listen to those who surrounded him, but it was time for that King to disappear, and so he listened to no warning. The secretary was yesterday with Madame Mavrojeny, as he dared not go to his minister, of whom he thinks that he is with those who made the revolution. He almost tore his hair, and threw his hat on the ground, and didn't know what to say. I wonder what will come of it. If I was Carageoghevitch I should refuse a crown that is dipped in blood! They must have combined everything beforehand, as there was such a perfect unity in the execution. At first we couldn't believe it, and we read the despatch wrong, only later we read it again, and saw that we hadn't taken in all the horror in the first moment. Our minister telegraphs that it was very difficult to know the truth as the palace was guarded, and no news certain. But they seem to have killed quantities of people. You can fancy the excitement here where so many of the persons are well known. That poor young King only twenty-five! But he has not listened

and not obeyed the fourth commandment, Honour father and mother! It is true they haven't done well by him, but that is no reason to behave as he did, especially as they meant well, and didn't mean to do him harm! But he was cruel to them and it seems his mother cursed him. But what must she feel now! Today she is the mother and her child lies murdered!

I stop writing every moment to think again, and to picture to myself those two lying in their palace, dead; judged by their own people. It must have been combined most carefully, as in the same hour the government was constituted, the new King named! One didn't hear of the deed without hearing the result as well, all the new names and the government constituted. They acted with great forethought, and many must have been in the secret.

I couldn't write on yesterday; I had no thoughts in my head, but I am afraid you will scarcely be able to read that letter — I was so agitated! Monske says that in copying he can always see if I was tired; on the first pages there are no faults, and then they go crescendo, till the last become almost unreadable and must be guessed.

I was so angry the other day! I wrote a fun-article about the woman-question, and they took it seriously, and sent it to the King, and said that it was dangerous, and I don't know what! Oh dear, I was angry, and sent a poem in which I beg for mourning clothes, as wit seems dead in Germany, and a good joke is no more understood! Nothing rouses wit so as anger! I am sure Swift, Rabelais, Heine, Molière, were the most melancholy people, and saw the world as dreary as possible. I never could read anything witty without growing intensely sad! I could weep over a piece of Molière! I can't laugh over Gulliver, everything that is witty seems to me the garb of disgust and horror!

About the events in Serbia, one couldn't even find a joke, they are so awful; one is reminded of the decadence of Rome and Byzance, where the Pretorian guard killed one Emperor after the other and put another on the throne for even shorter periods.

I really can't write today, I only wanted to say that your wish is fulfilled [*The last two lines were written in pencil, but in her excitement the Queen forgot to sign her name.*]

Segenhaus, September 25, 1903.

My kind friends:—

It is such an eternity since I heard from you that I am quite anxious. Only the telegram was a sign of life! But that was too little for me! I had rather a sad time here this stay. I sprained my ankle and was in bed for nearly four weeks! I believe there was some small bone smashed in the foot, for the pain was great, and I walked on because I was walking beside the poor Elisabeth, and wouldn't frighten her. My brother was very ill at first, but he is really better now, so that I can go with a quieter heart. Elisabeth has much less pain than last year, but her joints are much stiffer. Some of them have grown utterly into bone so that they can never move again. The lack of pain shows that the illness is gaining its way, and that there is no help any more. Once the joints grow quite stiff, the illness is over, and no cure imaginable. I have had all my friends about me, and that was very sweet. Even Elisabeth was carried up, which was very difficult, as the stairs are not wide enough, and her bed long to take the turn. At first the poor mother was sick with fear, but then all went well, and the child loved coming.

I hope to get to work again, hard and steady, as I could really do nothing. At first it was impossible to write, as my foot was laid in a cradle and quite high. I had to lie flat on my back, which was distinctly unpleasant. And they put leaches to the worst places, to take the coagulated blood away, which was very unpleasant too, and very painful, but helped a great deal toward the healing. It was tiresome! The few fine days I was in bed, very hot and uncomfortable, but I lived through heat and cold, with my balcony door wide open, day and night, so that I rested, like sick people who have to live out of doors. And that was rather a good thing, as I was dead tired, and unable to work any longer. Summer and winter without a moment's rest was nearly too much, and I was so tired that I couldn't go on any more.

Segenhaus is getting on slowly and steadily. I have built a small house at a small distance, so that I can put eight or nine people into it, — very sunny and very beautiful, all in wood, nothing but wood, ceilings, wainscoting and all. It looks so pretty, but not dry enough to be inhabited yet. They tried it, but it feels damp still, and so one has to wait another year. We hoped the wood would make it

feel dry, but the wood is fresh still, and so that is just as bad. It weeps beautiful golden tears, but that shows that it is still alive. The situation is just lovely and sunny and yet all surrounded by trees, and I have called it Amselheim, which means blackbird home. Or is Amsel not blackbird? It is the next best singer after the nightingale, with black feathers, and a yellow beak, large, and lives on worms and meat, and comes very near the houses. Here in my green bower the birds fly in an out, and eat from morning till night tiny birds with beautiful little crests on their heads, and with sleek black heads, and blue feathers and green and black feathers. They are charming and when the food is finished they set up such a noise that they let you know directly they feel neglected. It is sweet! Their little bills hammer away on the boards, and the whirl of their dear little wings is so pretty. The squirrels dance about as well, and come very near, but not as far as the window. We have also found out that a few birds keep the same window and let not another in, the others have to take other windows. It is so amusing! It seems, too, that they carry off grain into their nests for the winter. That was all my joy whilst I was laid up and

couldn't even read, because reading when you lie flat on your back tires the eyes very much indeed. It was even better not to read, but to rest. There is a degree of fatigue when even reading is too much; and I had done rather too much of that too in Sinaia, whilst I had ear-ache and couldn't sleep at all. Now I have to leave, and long to be back before I am gone!

I think that hard times are coming; if you read the things attentively, you can't help seeing that there is a storm brewing in the East. We are rather like a ship on the ocean; as long as the King holds the rudder there is no danger, but the King is beginning to grow old. He has had a good time too in Gastien and in his old home, but now again the eyes are inflamed as it seems, and it is stupid to go home with something not in order. I wish he would consult an oculist. There are constantly small veins bursting and filling the whites of the eye with blood. It looks dreadful, but may be without consequence. But to my mind never a thing is without consequence that seems to repeat so. [*From here on, the letter is finished partly with pen, but mostly with pencil.*]

Why is there always such a look of trouble

everywhere, I wonder? My machine won't work, I don't know why. So I go on with the pencil. I'll even try a pen. But it won't do; the hand is too tired for a pen!

All my love to you all. I hope you are well. Such a long silence would make one anxious if one didn't always think of the loss of a letter. All my wishes for your darling child.

ELISABETH

Sinaia, October 27, 1903.

Dear kind friend:—

Your letter is so full of kind thought and such good sound advice and such love and readiness to help, that I can't thank you enough. I see the future at least as dark as yourself—what regards the Balkans, not humanity; and as I only work for humanity it makes no difference in my plans! You are so right to say that I should concentrate all my strength on Segenhaus, only I am still Queen here for the present and must seem to believe in the future. But if you help me with Segenhaus, oh how grateful I should be! A thousand Francs! But dear me, that will furnish six rooms, as I have all the simple furniture made in the villages, in order to give work all round. A little extra house is

built; the inside all in wood, ceilings, walls and all, ten rooms, a bath-room and music-room, so fresh and clean! Then I found for the old house a floor that my mother had kept sixteen years, and beautiful red satin stuff, hand embroidered, that she had bought at a sale and kept for thirty years, and so I have made a beautiful little salon out of this. But the rest of the furniture is literally coming to pieces, not a chair is safe! Everything is so old and so dear, but no more fit for use. The salon is in tatters! Now I dream to make a big library out of that salon and a music-room at the other end so that no sound may reach the library. But I haven't enough to keep more than two or three people for the present. I just now have got two most excellent Sisters of Charity, you know the Protestant ones, called Deaconesses. They worked at my mother's hospital since twenty years and more, and one of them vomited blood with overwork. They are resting at Segenhaus. My young head nurse of my Sisters of Charity here, M'selle Dimitriesco, is so tired and overloaded that I shall send her for a month to Segenhaus to get a little flesh back and her nerves strong again. So you see the thing works already with the

few means I have. I had to attack the capital that came out of the jewels in order to build the house. But not all is sold yet, and my pearls that the King gave me will also go in time. I intend to keep nothing. I shall write a kind of memoir for you to show to some Carnegie or other. Tell him that I had begun to paint a beautiful missal to sell to him for one of his libraries, but having no money for presents, I gave all the leaves away to different artists, and have to begin again. Shall I send you the titlepage? — That might give him an idea.

I shall always send you the translation ready for print of all my things, as Miss Hopkirk is an excellent translator. I think you misjudge her completely. She speaks and writes six languages and knows the whole literature of them all. She was a most helpful friend to me in the worst time of my life. She was still well off then, as her father left a complete living to each of his children. But two of them went to the bad and ate up every penny of the others, so that they are quite destitute and the two young nieces are brought up to earn their bread. I am sure she has made a good translation of my Roumanian Idyll, which is literally true. I tried throughout that

really dreadful life drama to keep up the complete naïveté in thought and expression of the Roumanian peasant, who really thinks that the stars are lit and burn down completely every night. I shall send you the German, but you need not have the translation compared. I have seen English and American translations of my things — so horrible! Enough to turn me sick! And Davis permitted himself to change and to correct and to vulgarize Miss Hopkirk's beautiful style. Her mother wept with grief over it! I wrote to him about it. He thought he would make the things more popular by using slang! — You can fancy our rage! — So if you judge Miss Hopkirk's style by what Davis made of it you must certainly misjudge her.

I read my "Lunca" in German and French to several people, and they loved it and cried over it. I wish I might read it to you in the voice of a girl of fourteen, very simply and without much expression, as a girl would think to herself.

I often write articles for people and make them a present of them, and they get 500 or 600 francs for them, and live upon them. I also write lots of articles for Segenhaus, and the money goes to the foundation.

If you will kindly send your beautiful gift to Baroness von Loë, Segenhaus, Neuwied, Rhine; she is the administrator, and a most careful one. She won't burn a spirit lamp I got for her because it is so much dearer than petroleum! She takes greater care of my premises than I do myself. I get straw chairs and garden settees and balcony tables done by the blind in Neuwied so that even the furniture is a charity. I want a balcony very much indeed, but as that is a great luxury I wait. As you have begun by counting every dollar you will feel the more sympathy with the pains I take and the small sums with which I go on. The only condition for being admitted in Segenhaus is good education. You can't comfortably dine with people who put their knives in their mouths, or who clean their nails with the toothpick! The latter I have seen done by a *Princess*! And I turned sick and couldn't eat any more! An English nursery-maid wouldn't do such a thing!

I hope to have Miss Hopkirk there soon, for to listen to her conversation with politicians and learned men of all nations is simply delicious. She was with the daughters of the German Ambassador in Petersburg, and highly

considered there. She was with a cousin of mine in Germany and much appreciated by her brother who is a very learned man in natural science.

The King has been very unwell and the nursing was painful to my sprained ankle. In Segenhaus I was in bed for five weeks with that sprained ankle. Some of the small bones had got somewhat smashed. But I believe it was very good for me, as it insured rest, of which I was in great need.

I am going to write my whole plan for Segenhaus¹ and to send it with the titlepage of English poems, written by me in English — not translated. I am sure we are growing very interesting here, but like an interesting case for the doctors, the patients enjoy it very much less! God bless you all, Jamesetta and Marguerite.

ELISABETH

Bucarest, February 9, 1904.

Dear kind friends: —

How much I enjoyed the kind letter! I have just been reading it over again, at leisure, which has become the most luxurious

¹ She wrote it two days later. It is printed in full in The Bibliophile Society's Eighteenth Year Book of 1919.

word in any language to me, as I am overworked to a degree! There are days on which I talk from nine in the morning till half past ten in the evening, almost without remittance. It is really too much! And here you come and tempt one so dreadfully. But you see, even though there is dynamite at our feet, and dark clouds overhead, and strife all around, we cannot leave our poor little people alone in the big billows. We must stand by them now in the storm that seems to be coming on most certainly and without much reprieve! It is so curious, the shake the beginning war has brought on, as if it was quite near, and it is at the other end of Asia. But the excitement is so great, as if it was a foreboding of the storm breaking over our heads. It is very curious, that distance nowadays is done away with. But you see, we must do our duty, though we are very tired, both, and should like rest better than anything. But just now I have learnt a lesson again. The society for the poor I founded in the hour in which the King had sent his abdication before the Parliament, is only now really flourishing after three and thirty years! And whilst I was talking to the ladies, I wondered if we would be there on the morrow, but

thought to myself, "I'll do a Queen's duty to the very last hour!" And here we are all the time! We don't give the proud answer of the poor Emperor Maximilian when people said to him! "Don't go there, oh don't go into that strange country! Think of your coming back!" And he said: "A Hapsburg never will come back!" But now that we are put here by Providence, we feel that only Providence can release us, — not we, with our short-sighted understanding. Fancy the poor things left to themselves in such a moment! I see the King grow old, I see danger ahead, I see everything, but I don't think we may take the hand from the rudder, before it is taken away by higher powers and more knowing ones. One only can die once, and not a minute before it is ordained! My belief is unshakable, as it has resisted such a hard life.

I am just now organizing so many things, — a blind-school, and a new orphanage, in the house and under the care of my Sisters of Charity; I think it will be very good. I have sent all my Sisters away to Germany to learn in different institutions of Sisters, under the first surgeons that Germany possesses. I think they may come back excellent. At the same time I bring up the poor foundlings

and orphans to become Sisters, and they may grow up so good, instead of being left in the streets, or snatched up by horrible women, to wreck and ruin. I have got such an excellent prefect of police, such a benevolent and active man, who only thinks of helping the poor and the miserable.

I wish you could see the activity of all those ladies going about to see the poor, and finding them out, without their petitioning. I find I make more mistakes than ever this morning, but I am so tired! You must forgive my writing badly. My servant, who is now working with two blind people, to teach them the types of the Braille machine, and the way to handle it, says that he always knows when I begin to grow tired; on the first page there are no mistakes at all, and on the last, a legion! I begin with a legion today, I'm afraid, but going to bed late doesn't agree with me.

I profited by last night's theatre to talk with the prefect of the police about the organization of the blind-school and the orphanage for abandoned children. I take in the first today already, girls of about thirteen, who have nowhere to go and can't go on learning for want of means. Here that

seems always the greatest misfortune, to be stopped learning. They are so greedy for learning; they don't like serving. You will never make a maid out of a Roumanian; they hate serving; they all want to learn, and to use their brains, but not serve. It is very curious. The peasants reproach their masters for letting their daughters become ladies in waiting to me: "How *can* you let your daughter become a servant!" Even the *grande maîtresse* is considered less by the peasants, as she serves! Isn't it curious? AS IF WE DIDN'T SERVE—THE KING AND ME!! We are almost slaves!!!!.

One can't go against the tide; no man is strong enough for that. But one can make the most of what one finds in the tide, and go with the stream, so as to direct one's ship into freer waters. If I succeed in bringing up these poor forlorn and lost children to work and serve for love, then will the Roumanians have learnt a great lesson — for love of humanity! Fancy what a progress!

Now we are all at work to save children. They say that fifty percent. die between one and ten years, and seventy-five percent. before one year! It's simply horrible! And a nation can be neither strong nor great if it

isn't populous, and grows fast. The Roumanians, like all very mixed races, are wonderfully gifted, but not very strong of will; very undulating and fluctuating. I have begun to work for the culture of silk on a large scale. I try to get a society together of all the young land owners, to make the silkworms prosper, and to have silk spun and woven all over the country. I wonder if I shall succeed. Formerly that was one of the great incomes. I shall try and wake that up again if I can find where to sell in great quantities.

What a funny thing, when there is a misunderstanding between people, how difficult it is to get them together again. Miss Hopkirk is touchy, as all people are who have been rich and have grown poor, and she felt as if you had treated her a little slightly when you met at Paris, and then she sent me your letter in which you tax her with not knowing her grammar! That was rather too much! Especially as she had so cruelly suffered by Davis putting American slang in the place of her most exquisite style! But to hear an American tell her she didn't know her grammar made her laugh most bitterly. Her mother wept over Davis's corrections, spoiling her daughter's beautiful style completely! Why

did you think I wrote in French? I write in German. And besides, Miss Hopkirk possesses French and German, Italian and Spanish, and even Russian, and writes all those languages perfectly. Her learning is very extensive indeed, and so her letter to you only bears the character of being rather cruelly offended. She had taken such pains to imitate the naïve way of thinking and speaking of a Roumanian peasant, as I had done in German, not using one word such as a child might not use! Though the drama be ever so great and so heart-rending, I have put it away now; it may be useful some other day.

I don't quite understand what Roumanian legends you write about. I don't think there are any others than mine, except one lady, who stole them from me and published them with slight changes under the name of "Legends of the Carpathians." But I had *invented* them all, — they are no real legends! — except one! But I made people believe I had found them. And so they thought they had a right to use them at their pleasure! I laughed a great deal, but I was angry as well.

Only Helen Vacaresco has found real things, and made that wonderful book of them which I translated into German and English, with

some corrections by an English lady. I wrote one thousand pages in a month, and a little after that I wrote a novel of six hundred large full print pages in a month! That was quick work, wasn't it? Now I can't work at all, I'm so tired! Oh how I wish I could go to Segenhaus, and stay there for the rest of my days and be quiet! But even there is so much to do, and to organize, that the rest would be relative. Oh I don't know why I intervert the letters today, putting them in wrong places! I think I'll sleep a little and write on when I am fresher.

I stopped my letter for two days, as I was really too tired to write; and now I have a ball behind me and a *matinée*, as you know them. The afternoon after the ball, rather too much, but people feel such a right to be near their Queen, and to be equally beloved by her, whoever they are. And so they have! And that makes my life so full, that if God wasn't my constant help I don't know how I should bear it. At the same time I am working at the founding of my Sisters of Charity, as I vainly tried for nearly thirty years, and am at last on the point of making true, and a blind-school, and God knows what more! I am sometimes so tired that I stammer when

I speak, and can't find my words, and not a name! But life is worth more, the more it means hard labour and fatigue; only one is sometimes afraid of not being able to go on till the end!

Since I began my letter war has broken out,¹ and everybody feels it so, as if it was near, and as if not the whole of Asia was between us and the belligerents. But we are at the other end of one of the war-faring countries, and that brings everything so near! There is like a heavy weight on everybody. Really, nowadays war seems so much worse than formerly. Wasn't I right, nearly to weep over those useless fourteen millions thrown into the gulf of so-called Palaces of Peace by Carnegie, when I really mean to make a home of peace for the sufferers and workers of all countries? What a sad pity!! And I knew it would be so utterly useless! As if he hadn't read history! And as if he hadn't seen that always when there were most protestations for peace the next war was nearest!

With all the cares, I had a good laugh: I got a letter from an unknown lady in Berlin, begging me to prevent the war, and to calm the belligerents! Isn't that charming? I wonder

¹ The war between Russia and Japan.

what they would think at the uplifting of my small voice when worlds are moving and great events are leaping into light, the end of which is yet not to be foreseen! Really people have such small eyes to see with! I feel as if earth was a kind of quicksand, and everything beginning to move in the present moment. The rapid fall of papers is a sure sign that everybody feels as if things were going to rush on at a very frightening pace. Your letter only confirms the impression. One sees that in all parts of the earth things are looked at in the same way. It may be some time before here the movement will begin, but I am sure it is coming on swiftly and there will be such changes that we will remember with a certain degree of astonishment what we were before all those events. But my purpose cannot waver, though everything may change, to do as much good on my post as I possibly can; to help poor humanity with all my strength of will and thought. I really don't care very much where I am sent to and what work I am to do, so long as I keep strong enough to do it.

A good lady wrote to me that she had the King's picture framed with topazes, as that stone is supposed to keep you from sudden

and violent death. Isn't that simply delicious? And she costs me a lot of money, as she is constantly dying of hunger and only lives on my munificence! I bought myself one hat in three years, in order to be able to go on with my charities, and she frames the King's picture in topazes! It's too delicious! and he himself wishes for a violent death, a real soldier's death, as illness is to him a nightmare and exceedingly trying!

I am just reading such a charming book, in which it says that people's faults are not to be changed, and must be borne, instead of making each other miserable by wanting to correct them. It is so true! You can never make someone punctual who is not, or quick who is slow, or lively who wants to plod on carefully. I have learnt that every fault is an exaggerated quality, nothing else! And if you look at it in that light, you bear them easily. Even what in your eyes is a fault in a person, to someone else seems a quality, and no fault at all, and *vice versa*!

I am afraid I am so bad with the mistakes that the reading of this letter may prove quite a work, and I do hope you may have the necessary patience to read it, else fling it away! Only feel the love in it, and the fond

hope of meeting again, and all the wishes for your darlings.

It seems so unjust to write on the machine to a collector of MSS. !— I am taking to the pencil mostly now, as the pen is too great a fatigue. Oh how I long for rest! But that is a luxury not to be indulged in for many a day to come. Only God can give me rest when His time comes. I send a volume, but as I can't write often I try to put as much thought as possible into one letter.

God bless you all. Yours most lovingly,

ELISABETH

[The following letter is in reply to one in which the Queen's American correspondent said that after canvassing the situation thoroughly in an effort to secure donations for Segenhaus, he found that his fellow-countrymen "have not the slightest interest in Roumania or any project emanating from there." Furthermore, he reminded her that her country did not like America, and that under the circumstances she could not expect much enthusiasm for her charities. It will therefore not seem strange if from here on the Queen's letters exhibit a little more piquancy than heretofore.]

Bucarest, March 11, 1904.

My kind friends:—

Isn't it amusing to think how difficult it is to interest people in my poor little country? And when they want money they know it so wonderfully well! Haven't I sent money whenever I was asked, even from different parts of Australia! And as I couldn't send enough I always sent photos with signatures and cards with photos and some profound thought for sale. In thirty-four years I never asked for a penny from anyone, and everybody asked me. And I sent. Only last year I sent the Queen of Württemberg so many autographs for sale that she made three hundred marks with them. In Australia there is even a branch of a children's association that bears my name. So that rather looks as if I was pretty well known; and now for the very first time I also ask for help, and don't seem to find it! When my mother begged for help for her orphanage, the Roumanians poured thousands and thousands into my lap for that magnificent doll show that went all over Europe, and brought money to all the towns it went to; but when, two years after, the famine broke out in Roumania, I got ONE MARK — ONE! — — from Germany, anonymously, for the Rou-

manian sufferers! And in that time the beasts died by thousands, with earth in their stomachs, and the corn sheaves were cut with scissors and tied with string in order to save something for sowing. Yes, those were hard times, and no help came! And now I only ask for help in an international thing, the sisters of the Red Cross, and get refused! Now I am accustomed, but when I got that One Mark my eyes filled, and I felt so ashamed before my poor generous country! I have given and given and given, all my life. There is not a country, except Siberia, that I haven't sent money to. The articles you allude to are gifts to a poor lady who would not accept money from me, but she didn't think that the gold from my brain was asking for more than for a sum of money.

The children die here by thousands, 75% before a year, and 50% before ten years! I think that is simply dreadful, and I mean to stop it if I can; in the first place by better food, in the second by taking greater care of the orphans and foundlings. I have been very ingenious lately in devising means and ways to get out of trouble, but really I don't think it would do the Americans any harm to give something for the Sisters of the Red

Cross! Ah if Carnegie had given me one of those fourteen millions he threw away into an empty palace! I knew that that was utterly useless, whilst there is so much misery on earth to be alleviated. Oh why don't people see what they ought to do, and not squander their too great riches where nothing is necessary!

You see it was rather natural for me to think that autographs of mine might sell, as they do sell wonderfully in Germany. One can get sixty marks for one. I had no more money, and so I sent money's worth to all their Bazaars and things, and never dreamt of asking them for any in return. I was too proud. But from America, where wealth is accumulated in heaps and heaps, like in fairyland, one doesn't feel shy about it. And just from America I got nothing, not even for my books!—except your kind gift for Segenhaus, that was all. I daresay that if the Americans were allowed to make a lot of money here, they would feel ashamed of not helping the poor, but till now the little people are very much afraid of being overwhelmed by strangers, and of having no ground left for their children someday. They have suffered from invasion of every kind as long as they

exist, and so they have grown anxious and are afraid of every stranger, and of every strange influence. You must think that the time is not yet so far that the living don't remember it, when their grand-fathers were rushed at by the Turks and beheaded in the streets of Bucarest, when the Russians from one side and the Austrians from the other, invaded the country, and fought their quarrels there, so that all the possessions of the people were kept in trunks, that they might fly at any moment, when the Turks came from the South, the Austrians from the West, and the Russians or Poles from the Northeast!! Oh you don't know what that poor country has suffered! The people have that hunted look in their eyes, like people that have known freedom only since less than half a century. I want to help them up, I want to take industries here that will bring money to the peasants. But for that I want sums: two thousand francs for one industry and two thousand for another to begin with. I have taken some of the money of my sold jewels that were destined for Segenhaus, to help them up with, but then I shall have nothing left for Segenhaus, and the King won't give me anything for it. He says he did enough by paying the

last debt that was upon it, seventeen thousand marks; and the gentleman he paid them to did not take them, but gave them instantly to my mother's orphanage. Wasn't that nice? So you see, generosity has been always our motto and our loadstar, and therefore I almost feel as if I might expect some in my turn.

You don't know what a poor country mine is, and how sadly it wants help. But it won't let in strangers for fear of being utterly crushed, as it has been crushed always, from times immemorial. And now at last it means to rise and live.

The Balkan is not so excited as you seem to think; in any case we mean to keep utterly quiet. We have only a great deal to win by this dire and disastrous war, as our prices are rising rapidly; not for the poor, as bread is getting dearer — already five centimes! That is hard, therefore I give bread and bread and bread, as much as I can! There are three hundred poor societies in Bucarest, which shows that there is not enough to be earned. Of course if one let strange capital in, there would be more earning and more money directly, but explain that to poor people who have never known prosperity and happiness

yet! They would never believe you! When one wanted to implant the Jews here, as the other countries didn't want to have them, one seemed to know Roumania very well indeed, as if there was nothing but Jews here! It is true we have six million inhabitants, and five hundred thousand Jews. Rather a formidable, strong influence already. There was no hatred whatever, only when one saw what kind of people streamed into the country, one grew anxious of the invasion.

The worst thing Europe could do was, after a successful war, to force us to give rights to strangers that were obnoxious, that for the first time roused the hatred that lay dormant till then. I made one of the German representatives blush with shame every time I spoke of the Congress of Berlin and how it had behaved to us! Such an enormous country as America cannot dream what a small one feels and how difficult it is to breathe amongst all these powerful neighbors. They think we are just ripe for plucking and all the efforts that we made to open our country to civilization only makes it the more longed for by everybody. Even the Americans think they may lay hands upon it and suck its oil out, and take away its strongest means of

existence. It was ridiculous, the small sum they offered for our petroleum. The King refused instantly, and would have nothing more to do with them, as he felt that he was being robbed indeed.

You see, it is very difficult to exist under the circumstances, and it is no wonder one is rather cold to invaders of any kind, be it in money or other things. You wouldn't like people to find a coal mine in your garden, and work it without asking if you liked it, or would share in it. That's what they feel here. It is mistaken, of course, but you can't get people to develop quicker, and to understand great financial operations in a few years. There are some of the political men who do, and who would by all means let strange capital in, but they are not believed, and are overwhelmed by the untaught majority.

They understand that I mean to give them bread, and to make them rise, and be richer, and independent, but they don't appreciate any strangers that seem to want to enrich themselves on their ground. They want to keep it all, and can't understand that they would win enormously by strange capital coming in. So we, the knowing, have to be patient till our babies are grown men, and wait

and see. But not by threats and unkindness will one obtain anything from this proud little race. It is always the old story of the wind and rain, and sunshine, who betted which of them would get the Rider's cloak from off his shoulders; and the wind blew hard and the rain pelted the man, but the cloak was drawn together round his body; then the sun began to laugh and to shine, and down went the cloak as by magic. The Americans are so happy and so rich that they don't understand what real poverty means, and what it is to have nothing to eat, and to be hungry from year's end to year's end. That doesn't make one confident, or hopeful either!

If one could make them feel that one intends helping them out of their hunger, they would gladly help themselves. But they are so hopeless and unhappy! When you ask a Roumanian peasant where he is going he will answer: "I was going, or I meant to go, to my field, or my home," but he is never sure of arriving there unharmed. Isn't that a melancholy answer? And they are such a fine and noble race, real Spaniards for pride and independence! They won't serve — rather be hungry at home in their own house, made

of mud, but not serve or work the flesh from their bones, but free on their own bit of ground. Make that kind of people understand the movement of money between countries! They can't understand and will only doubt your honesty or sincerity. First do them some real good, that they can feel, and then begin to deal with them.

I am afraid my letter will seem intensely tiresome to you, as you have worldwide interests, and can't understand such small anxieties, and such great poverty. Only the beginning war is very hopeful for us. One says in Germany: *Dem Einen sein Todchen ist dem Andern sein Brodchen!* The death of the one is bread to the other! This war will bring a great deal of money, if we only get enough rain to bring up rich corn.

The children are amusing. The Princess is naturally for the Russians, as her mother is Russian; Carol is for the Japanese because they are so small and so plucky; Elisabeth is for the Russians, as they have so far to go, into such dreadful cold. It is very sweet to listen to them, Carol holding forth to me, with a small piece of bread in his hand, and showing me that Japan is like that in comparison to the whole dinner-table. Here one

is very indifferent, on the whole; one only thinks of the money it may bring. We upper-ten-thousand feel heavy-hearted, as if it was the beginning of a series of troubles, the end of which is not to be foreseen. But I can assure you that we won't move, should war rage all round us; we would keep neutral and try to earn our living, and to grow in wealth, which is the first condition, like food for the growing of a child.

And yet I shouldn't like my generous little people to begin to get too fond of money and of money-making. They would be less generous very soon. Money is the death of chivalry! And they are so open-handed and kind and helpful, in an amazing degree. They won't pay their debts, but help the poor always. Very Spanish, isn't it? They are more like Spaniards than like Italians. Italians are not so proud, nor so chivalrous. They have been poor too long.

I have also some pleasure, as one of the greatest tragedians, Novelli, is now going to play several plays of mine in different towns, and my tragedy, "Master Manole," is going to be played in every town down the Rhine, in Holland and perhaps even in the German theatre in London.

Kindest love to your darlings. Many thanks also to Mrs. Forrister. I have begun now to ask for pence in Germany, England and Australia, so I won't trouble her any more.

Ever yours,
ELISABETH

Bucarest, April 28, 1904.

My kind friends: —

I believe the box has been sent off some time ago, but as Dall 'Orso is out today I must wait to ask him this evening or tomorrow morning. You must forgive my sometimes forgetting what I was to answer, as I am so overworked that I really sometimes don't quite know what I am about. There are ever so many poor things to be done, inaugurated, as they are mostly out my brain, and have to be executed with the help of other people, my money being quite insufficient for large undertakings and great work. But still they seem to go on, and I am happy! I can't therefore think just now of any publications in America. No, I have given no one any rights, only Davis the fairy-tales, but he has stopped publishing them. I don't know why, as he had asked for so many! But there are so many other things going on.

Your wonderful young American genius Florizel de Reuter, is interesting me so that I offered him a few months rest at Segenhaus, and as his mother's sister generally comes over to see him for a few weeks, I invited her as well. She seems so overworked that she can scarcely stand. Her legs give way! She is a lawyer, and the responsible stenographer of all the lawsuits, so one can fancy the work she has to do. I hope the wonderful child will derive much bodily advantage from the stay in the woods, and I am also just writing two librettos for operas for him. So you see Segenhaus is International already, and will be a rest to many, even to those who can come over from America to enjoy it! The child has no home; they are wanderers, and he has to earn his and his mother's living, so you can fancy what help it will be, to let them live for some months without the anxiety of their daily bread.

It will be such joy to see Segenhaus fulfilling its destiny in such a way, that all who may have enjoyed it may wish to come again and rest again. For Florizel it will be the home he will always come back to, when his wanderings are at an end. And there he may compose in the deep silence of the woods.

I hope to go there again in summer. I need rest more than I can say. A relative rest is awaiting me in a few days, by a small journey down the Danube, to the very Sulina, and beginning from Vericiorova or before, so that we may enjoy the beauty of the iron door, and see the sea at the mouth of the large river. It will be delicious, though certainly not without fatigue, as there will be receptions in every town. But we don't leave the ship; we sleep on it and have our meals there, so that the ship in itself will be a rest, and for hours one will glide along in perfect unconcern, and real repose. Till from afar the guns and the music will sound our coming, and our music on board will answer. It will be very poetic. I wish I had Marguerite with me! She would enjoy it. The two eldest children are coming with us, as well as the Prince and the Princess, and there will be such a party! The ship all to ourselves, comfortable cabins, and a bath, so that I can listen to the ripple of the water all night, and write in the silence of the hours and let myself be inspired! Oh I do love the water! Fancy being born on a large river! When I only see the water and hear a ship and smell the tar, I feel as if new life had got into my veins. It is a pity we can't go out to

sea too, but the King dislikes the sea so much that the benefit of the journey might be lost, and he requires rest more than anybody.

I forgot to write about the books to my aunt, but I shall not fail to do so, and to beg my uncle¹ to send you every book he has written.

The events in our neighbors' houses are rather uncomfortable, and smell of fire! It isn't very pleasant to be so near, when other people's houses are burning! One can't help being full of pity first and concern afterwards. I hope we may steer clear of it all, and keep peaceful and hard-working. Then we may rise and become a wee bit better off!

I have been writing for many hours already, so you must forgive if my letter is short and uninteresting this time.

Now my plays are being played in many towns all down the Rhine, in Holland and in other German towns. At last success for me! I heard that five American towns expressed the wish to have them as well. It is the same company that travels from town to town as near together as possible, as the transport of so many persons and all the theatre is very expensive. A gentleman undertook it; he was here and I worked all the pieces over again,

¹ King Oscar of Sweden.

some after the wishes of the great tragedian Novelli who is going to play them in Florence and Venice, in Italian. You see my hour seems to be striking after so many years' patience! I always thought it would only be after my death. I never thought that I should live to see success, or what people call so, meaning applause of multitudes! My success is in my silent corner, whilst at work. But still I am pleased at the good result for myself and for all my undertakings who will prosper if I earn renown!

All my kind love to the united Jamesetta and the little Marguerite, and all my hope is to see you again some day at Segenhaus. It would give me such pleasure to have you. And I should be overjoyed to be able to make you comfortable in the great simplicity of the home and the intense beauty of the surroundings. Tell Marguerite that an old lady who died in writing her last letter to me sent me from Australia the result of the first day's work in her gold-mine in acknowledgement of the comfort my writings had given her on her bed of suffering during many years. I hesitated for a long time, but now that she wished it again in dying, I had the ring made, and it will be two rings, with letters *à jour*: "Light

of my" in the one and "Soul" in the other. You can't think how lovely it looks, — so original and so little showy, only those tiny diamonds marking the letters of the words and the skin showing between. I always found rings so clumsy, especially with big stones, but this one is transparent almost, and so sympathetic and dear to me! The first gift that my pen has brought me! She seems to have been a most remarkable woman. The lady to whom she dictated, writes that her servants have cried themselves nearly blind at her death. It was such a curious feeling, this posthumous letter that reached me long after the writer had gone to the sweet home of rest she so longed for! And now I wear that ring and think of the people who dug that gold, and of the sweet giver and her wonderful words to me. Isn't it fine? Now I must stop, but I shall soon write again.

Most lovingly,
ELISABETH

Segenhaus, September 21, 1904.

My kind friends: —

It seems such a long while since I heard from you, and life goes on somewhat mercilessly, but always productively! I had hoped

for such a beautiful time here, and I have had the whooping cough in the house, a touch of it myself, my brother with a fresh stroke of apoplexy, so that I had to empty my house and to keep away from that of my brother. Yet the demands on my help are neverceasing, and so I come to you to help me for one of the oldest friends I have. We have known each other since we were children, for more than fifty years! — Mademoiselle de Meibom is her name. She brought up her brother's daughter as if she was her own child. Now Miss Annie de Meibom has finished the Conservatoire of Frankfort, where she has had first rate masters, but where she also fell in love with a very worthy and interesting young man. I send you his name and address. He was brought up as a millionaire, and then he learnt that his father's affairs had gone wrong by speculation, and so he went to America to try and make his fortune for himself. He remained true to this poor girl without a penny. Now she is starting on the 8th of October, quite alone, for America to try and give music lessons there and marry him as soon as possible. I think they are very brave, both of them, and deserve help. True love is always interesting when it is so completely disinterested.

The young man has had rather a hard beginning in New York, as some good places seem to have failed, or stopped, if I understand rightly. I should be most grateful to you if you could do something for these young people. The young lady is of very good family, pretty and nice. She has been my guest for several months every year, during her holidays, so I know her well. Her father is much against the marriage, as the young man is a Jew! But he behaved like a good Christian and a gentleman, and remained true to her since several years. And in America nobody will ask if they belong to this or that church. She is very much afraid of the lonely journey, and yet she goes, which is very brave of her. Her aunt has given her everything, though she is not rich herself, and she sewed a great part of her trousseau herself, as she has very nimble fingers. I gave her stuff for a blouse once; she cut it the next morning, and in the same afternoon she had it on. A girl who can work like that has some chance of succeeding in the world, especially as she is neither after a big fortune nor a rich marriage, but thinks of earning a modest living.

If you would kindly recommend these young people to some of your friends they might get

on and be happy. He said he wouldn't see Europe again if he hadn't succeeded in making his fortune, though his father didn't become really bankrupt. I always think it very hard for a young man to have thought himself rich, with horses and bicycles and sport and the rest, and suddenly find himself a beggar. It requires a good deal of character to go and work hard and be Mr. Nobody. Jew or not Jew, is very indifferent to my mind if you are so brave and stick to a poor girl as well. She even offered him his liberty, if she was too great a drag, but he wouldn't hear of it and wrote a very beautiful letter indeed. So if you help these brave children you do it for me, for the oldest friend I have. And I know how kind and helpful you are.

I had to empty my house, also the one for the tired, on account of this whooping cough; and yet not soon enough, as the little genius Florizel de Reuter, caught it. I also had his aunt from America here, Mademoiselle Had-dix, who is in the law, so that the house was international from the first. We were eighteen at dinner. Only the people all expected to be with me all day, and wouldn't understand that I myself want rest and silence when I come here for five weeks in the year of labour!

Once I too must live as I like and not tear myself to pieces for other people.

But you see, they all feel stronger and better when I am with them, and so they grow selfish like children.

I got the better of the whooping cough by feeding on enormous doses of quinine. I have no time for illnesses, as in a fortnight I must be in Tassy for the inauguration of two new churches. The journey always brings on pain, almost like a confinement, so that I lose what I gained by rest.

Oh, how I wish I could once come to America! But not the country, only the plan seems so far off! God bless you and the little flower!

ELISABETH

Sinaia, November 29, 1904.

Kind friend: —

Your letter would have given me such a pure pleasure if there were not so many complaints in it, and things I have no power over and can neither arrange nor ordain, nor rectify. Dall'Orso has written I know not how many letters in behalf of those books, and before he went to Saint Louis himself, he begged other people to write again, but there is no

visible result. I don't know where the rub is, or whether the books have been kept back at our frontier, — one never knows. There is no negligence from our side, but so much difficulty. He meant to write as soon as he got the news that the books had arrived, but if he can't hear himself, what can he do!

It is very delicious to hear you say you are so happy, as that is a music which scarcely ever reaches my ears. I only hear the reverse. It sounds so refreshing! If you only knew what a horrible summer I have had, and how ailing I am all the time! I caught the whooping cough and it is a perfect wonder I haven't split with the efforts of reaching the tumor out of my body. I nearly got an inflammation with the shaking! I found my brother a complete invalid, with a stroke, no more fit to walk, to talk, to be in human company. He is driven about beside his poor child, in two invalid chairs, and my sister-in-law goes on smiling at them both, though her face looks more wan and careworn every day.

Enough of personal troubles! About affairs, you ought to talk to some one else, as affairs are never supposed to be treated directly through either King or Queen; it even does much harm when people think that we

want to gain the slightest influence. As the King pushed the railroads so, they instantly said that he had shares and a personal interest, and of course he took care never to have a share and to be perfectly disinterested personally.

But about America, I can only say that America has to ascribe to its own negligence that so small a country as we are could be cold and offended beyond repair with that immense Leviathan. It never had any representative with us, more than for a fortnight at Sinaia. They never took the pains to know a word about the country. They had been told that the schools were better in Greece than in Roumania, and so they lived in Greece. They seem to have mostly come for the education of their children, but not in the least for the interest of their country; so that we were naturally led to believe that our country had not the slightest interest for America, especially when this more than malapropos note was sent. I wonder what America would have said if we had made a note in the name of humanity, that one might no more cut poor negroes into little pieces in America and when they screamed too badly, cut their tongues out first, and then go on with

the pleasant little operation. Not a Jew was touched in our country. They suffered when there was a famine in our country, which had interested nobody. Not a soul found a kind word to say about our poor famished peasants, and beasts dying on the fields, which happened again this year!

A peasant put a knife into his body because there was no food for his three children. But as it wasn't a Jew it interested nobody, and we learned to be silent and not to complain. We are small, but very, very proud, and grand, as all small people are, and we don't forget!

When America wanted our petroleum it wanted it altogether, and offered ten million [francs], which was a ridiculous sum, when we mean to have seventy millions ourselves, and not to be put out of our own homes by strangers. Fancy, ten millions, and it was a Trust! We don't know very much about America, but we had heard that the Trusts were things one had to beware of. Now there are already several German societies who have undertaken the petroleum, and there are more coming. We are rising fast lately, though we are small and unprotected, and stand like a *Brise lames* [?] in the midst

of the great tempestuous waves of surging races which are not much our friends. We are not accustomed to expect much kindness or friendship either, as we have always struggled alone.

One doesn't generally expect friendship from other countries, but one is more or less on the alert, if they don't mean to "exploit" one, or to do one harm. Misfortune makes very touchy and distrustful, and only the very strong don't care. Oh you don't know what a hard upward road it has been, and if I hope that someday America will also take a part in our affairs, it is because I believe that till then it may have seen that one cannot eat us up at one gulp and illtreat us because we are small, and consider us less than nothing, as it was worth its while to have a representative at Athens and none here. It doesn't quite realize that Athens is about as far as from New York to Canada, worldwide interests, not a thing in common, not a trait of character.

You must think that the Bulgarians are quite another race, very jealous of our success, very raw; still hard working people. The Servians, next neighbors, have shown what they are in perpetrating such horrors on their King and Queen, whatever they may

have been. The Hungarians another race again, not a thing in common but our harvests, and they do everything in their power to take the bread out of our mouths. They close the frontier, and say that we have the cattle disease, when it isn't true, then don't let our swine pass.

The King sold his beautiful cattle, that filled the mountains above the forests, because one couldn't get them over the frontier. Now we are trying hard with silk, and hope to make some money in that way. The struggle is long and hard and uncomfortable; and then strangers meddle, and allow themselves unpleasant remarks. How should a man like the King not feel it? He says there is not a journey he would like to make but one to America, because everything interests him there, only the sea, which he dreads so!

Never anyone ordered anything of our beautiful work here, except you, who kindly bought things whilst you were in Roumania. Happily London has Liberty, who orders Roumanian chemises by twelve dozens at a time. But all that is nothing in comparison to what it might be if one didn't hinder us at every step. If the Berlin Congress had not meddled, the Jews would have ever so many

rights today; but now we felt that we must defend ourselves against the over-reaching of these strangers, who after we had been victorious, dared to prescribe! I always made the gentleman blush who had belonged to the Congress, whenever I spoke of it. It did impose upon them when the victorious little people came, whom one robbed of a province, forced other countries' Jews upon them, and asked them what they wanted, and they answered, "Nothing!" I assure you it does my heart good to this day to think of that proud answer.

How can the King believe in any friendliness from America, when it illtreated us in one of our hardest moments, with the famine in the country, and no help! Then came the great Leviathan and meant to swallow us altogether, because we were so poor! But we prefer being poor and independent, and earning a hard-gotten bread, but without humiliations! You see it impresses me but very slightly if the Americans think that we are savages, as long as they cut negroes to pieces. We have brain culture in our country, to give away; all languages are spoken, all literatures are known; we are the most brilliant people on the peninsula, and in a great part of Europe as well.

When I think that Roumanians bore themselves to death in Vienna by want of spiritual intercourse; they say the salons are simply awful! We are accustomed to tiptop conversation, to having read every book which appears, to know every piece which is played in Paris or anywhere else. But then they send people here who don't understand our languages, and who are incapable of keeping up a conversation even, then America must forgive if we judge America by the very little we see of it, and by the rather curious things we hear of it sometimes. We think it wonderful and grand, but aren't the Japanese much grander, much more admirable, so small and so strong, so proud and independent, so ready to die, and so full of life, so noble and grand and magnanimous! We had very interesting people at our dinner table lately, — a Hungarian count who is priest and missionary in China, and who told us a great deal about China and the Manchurians; and a young Englishman, who has just published a most interesting book which he got the Japanese to write about themselves, and he means to do the same for Roumania. Mr. Stead is his name.

There is quite a flow of people here now,

on account of the railroad, and the bridge on the Danube, so many pass here and come and see us and have a look at our country. I am now going to make an exhibition of Roumanian things in Paris, as we didn't send anything to America. All the last times having been failures, cost much and brought nothing. The King refused this time to have his country represented. He says it is ridiculous to enter into the lists with the great industrial countries, when we have no industry to speak of, and mean to keep factories away as long as we can, because our population is not dense enough for factories. It has increased rapidly of late, about a million and a half, whilst formerly it was decimated by diseases. Don't be astonished that we are small and touchy. I think that is natural, and rather respectable.

Why didn't you tell the ministers of your propositions? Perhaps they would have entered upon them with alacrity, the moment the thing was no more to be taken out of our hands altogether for a ridiculous sum. We don't transact, as we are not responsible before parliament, but the ministers do, and speak to the King.

Sinaia is in snow, since yesterday. So beautiful! I wish you could see it. Little Mar-

guerite would like it. Oh how beautiful to hear of your happiness, you three together, enjoying life so, and what it has to offer! I got a telegram from my uncle of Sweden, saying that as he doesn't know you he will send me his books for you with his signature. Have you got the young Danish and Swedish writers? They are excellent,—Selma Lagerlöff, and many others.

I am most grateful for every help you will give to my young people in New York. They deserve some interest, the more so as he is a Jew, and he behaved like a gentleman! I don't write when I am too much worried or too ailing, and don't like to be cumbersome with sorrow and care.

I like to look bright, even in a letter! It's no help to say the world is so dark. Everybody knows that, but to look bright all the same requires a good deal of unselfishness. *Au revoir*. And tell me again of Jamesetta and baby and their bright home. It sounds like a fairy tale!

ELISABETH

[The Queen could never quite forget Secretary Hay's note about Roumania's treatment of the Jews, which the Roumanian authorities

regarded as being officiously intrusive, and decidedly malapropos. The United States, maintaining no diplomatic representative in Roumania, sent the note in a roundabout way, to the American *chargé d'affaires* at Athens, who communicated with Roumania through its minister at that point. Doubtless the Roumanians felt — and with some degree of justice — that if America was so vitally concerned in their affairs she might have maintained a representative at their Court.

The Queen's comment on Secretary Hay's note, "I wonder what America would have said if we had made a note in the name of humanity, that one might no more cut poor negroes into little pieces in America," was prompted by a rather ill-starred remark of her correspondent about the "savagery" of some of her subjects. In discussing affairs of State and the unpleasant feeling then existing between Roumania and the United States she doubtless laid, by implication at least, an undue share of the burden of responsibility upon the shoulders of her correspondent; but in the eyes of European monarchies our republican form of government seems to make everyone personally responsible for all our misdeeds, whether enacted individually or by

vote of Congress, whether with or without justice or authority of law.

Generally speaking, people do not take kindly to outside interference with the management of their own households, or to uncomplimentary remarks about their children; and even the gentle Carmen Sylva was no exception. Her purpose in comparing the Americans with the Japanese is quite obvious, and rather amusing; especially since she had but lately entertained a Hungarian missionary-priest to China, who had told her "a great deal about China and the Manchurians." She was obviously aware that people who hold exalted opinions of their own virtues are at best but poor listeners to loud praise bestowed upon their neighbors. It will be remembered that three years earlier she wrote: "I understand perfectly that if you want to be happy you must not meddle with Oriental countries or circumstances."

The following is an extract from a note written in the name of Secretary Hay to Charles L. Wilson, *Chargé d'affaires* at Athens, and dated July 17, 1902: —]

"It behooves the State to scrutinize most jealously the character of the immigration from a foreign land, and, if it be obnoxious

to objection, to examine the causes which render it so. Should those causes originate in the act of another sovereign State, to the detriment of its neighbors, it is the prerogative of an injured State to point out the evil and to make remonstrance; for with nations, as with individuals, the social law holds good that the right of each is bounded by the right of the neighbor.

“The condition of a large class of the inhabitants of Roumania has for many years been a source of grave concern to the United States. I refer to the Roumanian Jews, numbering some 400,000. Long ago, while the Danubian principalities labored under oppressive conditions which only war and a general action of the European powers sufficed to end, the persecution of the indigenous Jews under Turkish rule called forth in 1872 the strong remonstrance of the United States. The treaty of Berlin was hailed as a cure for the wrong, in view of the express provisions of its forty-fourth article, prescribing that ‘in Roumania the difference of religious creeds and confessions shall not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights,

admission to public employments, functions, and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries in any locality whatsoever,' and stipulating freedom in the exercise of all forms of worship to Roumanian dependents and foreigners alike, as well as guaranteeing that all foreigners in Roumania shall be treated, without distinction of creed, on a footing of perfect equality.

"With the lapse of time these just prescriptions have been rendered nugatory in great part, as regards the native Jews, by the legislation and municipal regulations of Roumania. Starting from the arbitrary and controvertible premise that the native Jews of Roumania domiciled there for centuries are 'aliens not subject to foreign protection,' the ability of the Jew to earn even the scanty means of existence that suffice for a frugal race has been constricted by degrees, until nearly every opportunity to win a livelihood is denied; and until the helpless poverty of the Jew has constrained an exodus of such proportions as to cause general concern.

"The political disabilities of the Jews in Roumania, their exclusion from the public service and the learned professions, the limitations of their civil rights, and the imposi-

tion upon them of exceptional taxes, involving as they do wrongs repugnant to the moral sense of liberal modern peoples, are not so directly in point for my present purpose as the public acts which attack the inherent right of man as a bread-winner in the ways of agriculture and trade. The Jews are prohibited from owning land, or even from cultivating it as common laborers. They are debarred from residing in the rural districts. Many branches of petty trade and manual production are closed to them in the overcrowded cities where they are forced to dwell and engage, against fearful odds, in the desperate struggle for existence. Even as ordinary artisans or hired laborers they may only find employment in the proportion of one 'unprotected alien' to two 'Roumanians' under any one employer. In short, by the cumulative effect of successive restrictions, the Jews of Roumania have become reduced to a state of wretched misery. Shut out from nearly every avenue of self-support which is open to the poor of other lands, and ground down by poverty as a natural result of their discriminatory treatment, they are rendered incapable of lifting themselves from the enforced degradation they endure. Even

were the fields of education, of civil employment, and of commerce open to them as to 'Roumanian citizens,' their penury would prevent their rising by individual effort. Human beings so circumstanced have virtually no alternatives but submissive suffering or flight to some land less unfavorable to them. Removal under such conditions is not and can not be healthy, intelligent emigration of a free and self-reliant being. It must be, in most cases, the mere transplantation of an artificially produced diseased growth to a new place.

"Granting that in better and more healthful surroundings the morbid conditions will eventually change for good, such emigration is necessarily for a time a burden to the community upon which the fugitives may be cast. Self-reliance and the knowledge and ability that evolve the power of self-support must be developed, and at the same time avenues of employment must be opened in quarters where competition is already keen and opportunities scarce. The teachings of history and the experience of our own nation show that the Jews possess in a high degree the mental and moral qualifications of conscientious citizenship. No class of emigrants

is more welcome to our shores when coming equipped in mind and body for entrance upon the struggle for bread and inspired with the high purpose to give the best service of heart and brain to the land they adopt of their own free will. But when they come as outcasts, made doubly paupers by physical and moral oppression in their native land, and thrown upon the long-suffering generosity of a more-favored community, their migration lacks the essential conditions which make alien immigration either acceptable or beneficial. So well is this appreciated on the Continent that, even in the countries where antisemitism has no foothold, it is difficult for these fleeing Jews to obtain any lodgment. America is their only goal.

“The United States offers asylum to the oppressed of all lands. But its sympathy with them in nowise impairs its just liberty and right to weigh the acts of the oppressor in the light of their effects upon this country, and to judge accordingly.

“Putting together the facts, now painfully brought home to this Government, during the past few years, that many of the inhabitants of Roumania are being forced by artificially adverse discriminations to quit their

native country; that the hospitable asylum offered by this country is almost the only refuge left to them; that they come hither unfitted by the conditions of their exile to take part in the new life of this land under circumstances either profitable to themselves or beneficial to the community, and that they are objects of charity from the outset and for a long time — the right of remonstrance against the acts of the Roumanian Government is clearly established in favor of this Government. Whether consciously and of purpose or not, these helpless people, burdened and spurned by their native land, are forced by the sovereign power of Roumania upon the charity of the United States. This Government can not be a tacit party to such an international wrong. It is constrained to protest against the treatment to which the Jews of Roumania are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself, but in the name of humanity. The United States may not authoritatively appeal to the stipulations of the treaty of Berlin, to which it was not and can not become a signatory, but it does earnestly appeal to the principles consigned therein, because they

are the principles of international law and eternal justice, advocating the broad toleration which that solemn compact enjoins and standing ready to lend its moral support to the fulfillment thereof by its cosignatories, for the act of Roumania itself has effectively joined the United States to them as an interested party in this regard.

“Occupying this ground and maintaining these views, it behooves us to see that in concluding a naturalization convention no implication may exist of obligation on the part of the United States to receive and convert these unfortunates into citizens, and to eliminate any possible inference of some condition or effect tantamount to banishment from Roumania, with inhibition of return or imposition of such legal disability upon them by reason of their creed, as may impair their interests in that country or operate to deny them the judicial remedies there which all American citizens may justly claim in accordance with the law and comity of nations.

“I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN HAY”

[Secretary Hay's note would seem to convey the idea that in Roumania the Jews as a class

were singly subjected to special and onerous limitations of privilege; but the Queen's letters give quite a different impression. In her letter of June 16, 1902, she said: "We have five hundred thousand Jews; no country has so many. They have all trade and all professions in their hands, and only emigrated when there was nothing more to do here for them, as no houses were built and nothing bought, nobody having any money. . . . The Roumanians bore their hunger without complaining; the peasants ate in two days once; but the Jews were instantly taken up by the whole world, and there was such a row and such a lamento!" She says that full citizenship in Roumania is very difficult to obtain, — even by the native born, because the Roumanians, feeling their inferiority, wanted "to make laws that no strangers whatever are to be tolerated, because they think they can't get up if the others are allowed to remain. . . . It is as if the people here are afraid of taking the bread out of the mouths of their grand-children by letting in strangers, — as if they were afraid that the Roumanian element might be submerged and choked altogether."

The Queen was strongly opposed to these

ideas, but she was powerless, and could only regret the chauvinism of the people, who were the inheritors of timidity, skepticism and distrust from an ancestry that had been kept in a state of bondage and fear for centuries. "Even if you are born here," she says, "you can't get naturalization but by endless trouble and prayer, and, I am afraid, bribing! We are Orientals. What a horrible thing is the East in that way!"

In another letter she says: "Isn't it funny that people scream at us because in a time of terrible distress, even famine, not only the Jews but ever so many Protestant and Catholic families had to leave the country, because there was no bread for them!"

On August 8, 1902, Mr. Wilson replied to Secretary Hay's note in part, as follows:—]

"Upon the receipt of your dispatch, I called upon the Roumanian minister to Greece, who has within a few days returned from Roumania, and asked him if his Government, after examination, had found the draft of the naturalization treaty submitted to it acceptable.

"Mr. Ghica told me that just before leaving Bucharest he had a long audience with the

King, during most of which relations with the United States were discussed. His Majesty told Mr. Ghica that he considered a naturalization treaty between the United States and Roumania unnecessary, and that he did not favor considering the matter at all. Upon my endeavoring to point out to Mr. Ghica that, in our opinion, such a treaty would be of great advantage to both countries, he said that he would be perfectly frank with me and tell me the real objection that the King had expressed against the proposed treaty.

“According to His Majesty’s opinion, a naturalization treaty would be most injurious to Roumania for the reason that it would complicate the already troublesome Jewish question in that country.

“As you stated in your dispatch on this subject, on account of discrimination against them a large number of Roumanian Jews are driven from Roumania and a majority of them take refuge in America. If, therefore, there was a naturalization treaty, these Jews would return to Roumania and as American citizens claim rights and privileges to which they were not before emigration entitled. The King also fears that with a naturalization treaty between the two countries an even larger

number of Jews would emigrate to America, and for the express purpose of returning to Roumania and claiming protection as American citizens.

"I expressed to Mr. Ghica my regret that the United States and Roumania had been unable to conclude any of the proposed treaties, and expressed the hope that he would use his efforts to bring about a favorable consideration of the naturalization treaty, but as he assured me that the ministry and members of the Government shared the unwillingness of the King to consider such a treaty, I have not communicated with the Roumanian minister for foreign affairs, and shall await further instructions from the Department before so doing.

"I am, etc.,

CHARLES L. WILSON,
Chargé d'Affaires ad interim."

[On the following Aug. 22, Mr. Adee, acting secretary of the Department of State at Washington, wrote to Mr. Wilson as follows:—]

"Referring to the Department's No. 14 of the 17th ultimo, Roumanian series, on the subject of the treatment of Jews in Rou-

mania, I enclose for your confidential information a copy of an instruction¹ which has been sent to the diplomatic representatives of the United States in the countries parties to the treaty of Berlin of July 13, 1878, in the hope that it may seem wise to those powers to take measures to persuade the Government of Roumania to accord to the indigenous Jews the generous and equal treatment prescribed for them by the Berlin treaty.

"I am, etc.,

ALVEY A. ADEE,
Acting Secretary."

[At the conclusion of the War of Independence in 1878 Roumania freed herself from the Turkish yoke and became an independent sovereign State, but recognition was for a time withheld by the European powers, pending the acceptance by Roumania of certain conditions of the Treaty of Berlin, to most of which, however, the Roumanians strenuously objected. It is said that several conditions favorable to Russia were inserted by the powers with a view to aiding them in

¹ The text of this "instruction" was substantially the same as the note of July 17 to Mr. Wilson.

securing "more favorable concessions from Russia," and that the clause concerning the Jews was merely a convenient subterfuge. Roumania finally conceded Bessarabia, and most of the less important conditions were afterwards apparently waived, including the forty-fourth article referred to in Secretary Hay's note; and in December, 1879, Italy recognized Roumania's independence, following which Great Britain, France and Germany gave their formal recognition on February 20, 1880. It is therefore difficult to understand by what process of reasoning Secretary Hay or his advisers expected the foreign governments to compel Roumania's compliance with certain specific terms of a treaty between other Nations — a treaty in which it had no voice, and to which it never assented. Little wonder that article forty-four had become "nugatory in great part." Furthermore, as long as the fleeing Roumanian inhabitants were finding a "hospitable asylum" in America, the European governments could hardly be expected to discompose themselves over the matter, or to place any obstacles in the path of a people for whom they had shown such tender solicitude.

Secretary Hay was a most sagacious diplo-

mat, — one who seldom blundered when acting upon his own initiative. It is worth while noting that in sending this “instruction” to the American plenipotentiaries in France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and even Turkey, he saw fit to insert the following self-absolving clause: “It has seemed to the President appropriate that these conditions . . . should be brought to the attention of the governments concerned, and commended to their consideration,” etc.

It must have seemed odd to Roumania that Russia and Turkey were asked to intervene in behalf of the Jews!

In March, 1902, Mr. Charles S. Francis reported from the United States Legation at Athens:—]

“A policy of thrift is peculiarly imperative in the case of Roumania where climatic conditions and the configuration of the country expose the soil to recurrent droughts and floods. Warnings were frequent: In 1887 drought destroyed the maize crops, which led to peasant uprisings and some financial reforms; in 1894 another drought produced an acute crisis similar to the present, but Berlin financiers came to the rescue; in 1897

the lowland crops were destroyed by inundations and the grain stores at Galatz were swept away by flood. Then came the drought of 1899. Crops were ruined, pastures withered up, cattle died, and in a few months peasants were starving."

[In the year 1902, during the time when all of the foregoing communications were written, the whole of Roumania was sorely afflicted with a terrible famine, primarily due to failure of the crops, their only source of revenue or support. In her letters the Queen says that many of the peasants subsisted solely on roots and leaves; that many of the children, and most of the animals, died of starvation. The frequent recurrence of these disasters in past years had both impoverished and discouraged the people, and it is therefore not surprising that all who could get away should be eager to seek refuge in more propitious localities. Added to the business paralysis and general distress, the Roumanian government was at the time of this correspondence in grave financial difficulties; but they bore their torments, and made no appeal for outside charity.

A man whose home is in process of destruction is not likely to be a patient or in-

terested listener to neighbors' protests against his homeless children over-running their lands, or becoming supplicants for food or shelter at their doors; and it may perhaps not seem strange that under all the circumstances the Roumanians thought they had troubles enough without being coerced into treaties on matters of citizenship that would be likely to involve them in endless disputes with other countries where their subjects might become domiciled.

It will be observed that Secretary Hay's protest was made in "the name of humanity;" yet if the poor starving refugees from famine-stricken Roumania had sought shelter in other European countries, instead of becoming "objects of charity" in the United States, it may be doubted if the existing Roumanian laws and customs would have so deeply stirred the humanitarian impulses of our administration officials. Again, if the other European governments were so much more hospitable to the Jews than Roumania had been, it may seem singular that four or five hundred thousand of them should reside in Roumania, and that "the hospitable shelter offered by this country" should have been "almost the only refuge left to them."

Perhaps if we had had a representative in

Roumania we should have better understood the conditions there.

The following letter is quite amusing. It will be remembered that one of Nature's many gifts to Queen Elisabeth was a remarkably beautiful complexion, requiring no artificial adornment; and she seems not to have had much toleration for a certain species of vanity to which her English namesake was notoriously addicted. Moreover, her "protégée" gave her an entirely erroneous idea of the lady to whom she had been introduced. As a matter of fact, the "painted lady" was a highly estimable woman, who could, and would, have rendered the stranger valuable assistance. If all the ladies who attempt to remedy Nature's remissness in having failed to endow them with healthy, glowing complexions were to become objects of suspicion, it is to be feared that the Queen's protégée would have been forced to choose her friends from a rather microscopic minority.

It will be observed that this letter was written only three days after the one next preceding, and the Queen was probably still in the blush of her impatience, which she seems to have but partly vented in that letter. Herein

she disregarded one of her own maxims: "One ought not to write when one is exasperated, because one cannot recall the letter when one feels better again." But she was so over-worked with her own affairs, and her mind so over-burdened with the troubles of those whom she was endeavoring to help, that she would scarcely have been human had she not shown a little capricious irritation at times.]

Bucarest, December 2, 1904.

Kind friends:—

With all my best wishes for a happy New Year, I must tell you that you have done a great injustice to my poor young protégée. She has written a long letter of excuses to the lady you recommended her to, and she also thought there must be some mistake about her, as she found her outrageously painted, and therefore thought that she was not quite so much a lady as one might think from a distance. You see when one is a complete stranger in a country, and a lonely girl, one grows very anxious and careful. I am afraid that Americans are so accustomed to be very rich that they don't think much of poverty with a very good name. You see in Europe

one thinks so much more of family, even if there is scarcely a piece of bread. She is a very brave girl, and I hope she may find her way alone, as you don't wish to take an interest in her, and I am afraid it was more or less a pretext to get rid of her. I shall never again tease you with any recommendations of mine, as I am afraid to annoy, and how can I ask that you take the slightest interest in persons you have no idea of! It is asking too much. I feel that I presumed, and beg your pardon for having intruded. I daresay we seem very old fashioned in Europe, but we would avoid a painted lady, very much especially being alone and unprotected. Ah! We are not able to make money and gain riches, and think much of that, lest the riches go to others! On the contrary, we are more inclined to think much of those who have the courage to remain poor with a good name and fame, which is often so difficult!

You see, my friend is poor and earns her living in a great measure. She painted several pictures for me, and I tried to slip money into bonbons so that she might not see that I tried to pay her; but she wouldn't accept a penny, but gave the money instantly to the hospital in Neuwied. And she is of one of the most

honorable families I know. Perhaps one would think that unpractical in America, but not so in Germany, where one thinks the indifference to money the first sign of noble race. I invited her several times to Sinaia and nobody dared say that her clothes were not elegant enough! And I consider it as the greatest progress that the ladies are growing so much simpler here, and instead of spending money on their hats and clothes they make great sacrifices for the poor. I bought for myself one bonnet in three years, as I was all the time in mourning. Therefore I believe that one doesn't quite appreciate the pride of our poor little country in America, and doesn't understand that when one wants to treat affairs with us one doesn't send a minister for eight days every year and make him reside in Greece the while! That way, of course, the King cannot know if the people that wish to deal with us are honourable and if he may have confidence in them.

America is large and not everybody there is perfectly reliable!!!!!! So if there never is a minister to recommend people or to refuse to present them, if they are not worth knowing, it is only the fault of America if we have grown a little shy, and don't quite come for-

ward to propositions we don't know the purport of. We are too small to defend ourselves if the strong encroach. And to us it is all the same if Russia or Austria or America plays the master here. It is equally uncomfortable. Don't you understand? And the King cannot forget the missive about the Jews; it has crossed him considerably. When one governs forty years, one doesn't enjoy being censured by a stranger who knows nothing whatever about your affairs. I shall never forget that you came over the ocean to see me, but I can't make the King forget that he was roughly treated before, and take away from him a certain distrust, since that Trust wanted to deprive us of our only riches, the petroleum, which of course we prefer exploiting ourselves, and not giving it up to strangers when it may be the saving of us in bad years, as it is now in the present moment.

It is curious that very strong people don't seem to appreciate the quiet reserve of the small ones. We don't want to become so terribly rich; we are not accustomed to be so happy; we have always had hard lives and know no better. It took the King thirty years to build the castle in Sinaia, as he never spent more than he could in one year, and always

was prudent and careful. But when the pensions and remunerations were diminished by twenty-five percent. he wished to have also so much less, just as all his subjects; also twenty-five percent. less of the *liste civile*; but he required that the money should be employed in finishing the churches that were begun and that could not have been finished but for him, and which grew to be very much more beautiful, thanks to the King's sacrifice. We inaugurated them a few months ago, and it was really a great and deep joy. It made a great impression on everybody when the King renounced the money that was his due after the constitution, and it encouraged everyone in the sacrifices that the country and every particular person had to make. I know mothers who since that time give the lessons to their children themselves as they have no more money for a governess or a school; and they are ministers at strange courts. You see we think more of the poor people than of the rich, if the rich don't make their riches forgiven by enormous sacrifices. You must not be too hasty in your judgments, as you cannot always know.

Perhaps the enormous amount of work you do makes you a little impatient and not

knowing the circumstances in strange countries, as we don't know yours, that may be the difficulty; but how shall we gain confidence when Americans offer ten millions [of francs] for all our petroleum, when we expect to make simply ten times as much ourselves! We nearly laughed in their faces. Fancy, in the present moment forty millions are coming in for petroleum, and every day new holes are bored; and if we had given that away we could sit and cry tears of fire to have let strangers enjoy all that which may save us from hunger and despair! The King was wise indeed, and he went against the opinion of some of his best ministers, but who were no engineers, and who wouldn't believe that all our future was in the petroleum. Ten millions indeed! They must have thought us babies! We were very poor and dreadfully unhappy and didn't know how to keep all our engagements, but we kept them and didn't sell our only resources, and came out of all the great difficulties honorably. Yes, we have known hard times and the last year has been the hardest. We have to spend every penny of reserve and more — about thirty millions — to keep the peasants and the cattle alive. But God is great! The autumn was so beau-

tiful that grass has grown and the corn is so high that the fields are all full of cattle, and we can keep some straw for the worst month when the snow will be high and deep and the cattle will find nothing. It was a dreadful year! But you see when one comes out of such trials one is not inclined to be patient, or open to combinations that seem doubtful, as one knows that kind neighbors generally try to win by your misery and discomfiture and never dream of lending a helping hand, but very much the contrary!

We have withstood a great deal and my faith in God is unshakeable. I have seen His help coming in the nick of time when no human help was to be thought of; on the contrary nothing but enmity, envy and unkindness from all sides. Then came help wonderful, and we stood on our feet again, as if we had never been at death's door, and ruin staring us in the face! Even in politics and affairs there is someone stronger than man.

Many kind wishes for all those you love. My dear ones are all so ill and so tried that Xmas has been very dark indeed.

ELISABETH

[The Queen's letters are so informal and self-revealing that one is inclined to forget the dignity and loftiness of her station, both as a Queen and as a literary genius. Following her own example, her correspondent was inclined to abate the rules of obeisance customarily observed in addressing one in her position, and this lack of courtliness seems to have called forth the following gentle "lecture on court life and etiquette," as she calls it.]

Bucarest, January 1, 1905.

Kind friends:—

With my best wishes for New Year. I hope it may be prosperous for you, your child a constant joy and your library a growing satisfaction. Our new year has begun very sadly indeed, with the mourning for the King's beloved brother, with nearly famine in our country, as there are districts in which the peasants live on roots and leaves, and we have to spend every penny of our economies to keep them alive, with waggons and waggons of maize, and the maize so dreadfully dear, as it gets speculated upon by those who have the little there is.

I cannot send the books to the King of Sweden. The letter from the secretary is not

at all ridiculous.¹ At no Court in the world are gifts accepted, and in no other country will you find such a democratic Court as ours is. It partly comes from my being "Carmen Sylva," and therefore my relations to the world so changed; therefore, also, was a great difference made for you. No strangers are received that are not presented by their respective ministers. It once happened to us that we received an American recommended by ministers from other countries, and the next day he was put into custody in Vienna, as he was a thief, and mandates were issued against him. He had been followed from country to country, and he told us he was a colonel during the war, and showed us pictures he had drawn. Such unpleasantness is carefully avoided at every Court, and my uncle sent me the books as a present to do with them as I pleased, as it is against the rules to have anything to do with strangers who are not presented by the minister. That is how it happened that Americans are often not received by us, as the minister is never here.

In America everything is so free and simple

¹ This was in reply to a passage in one of her correspondent's letters wherein he said he had a "ridiculous letter" from the secretary of the Swedish legation.

that one can't quite imagine the perhaps obsolete laws of the old European Courts, and though America is big and strong, that makes no difference whatever. You were led astray by our being more modern and democratic, and yet you see even we had to regret the slightest transgression from the rule. In Prussia no Prince of the royal family is allowed to go to a strange ambassador, and they are only invited on state occasions, never seen otherwise. Therefore they all like Bucarest so much, because they are more humanely treated, and we have had cause even to regret that, as they have not always been either true or honest.

It is extremely unpleasant when you have been amiable and kind like Arabs to a guest, and you learn afterwards that it was a spy who said unheard-of lies about you. We have some sad experiences, and that makes one conspicuous. [Suspicious?] I assure you that it is only due to "Carmen Sylva" that Court etiquette is so much relaxed here; but the fatal consequence is that our recommendations are not accepted at other Courts, and that they only go by their own representatives. Even my correspondence is not looked on favorably. No other Queen writes her own

letters, therefore she has secretaries. I beg your pardon for my little lecture on Court life and etiquette, but it must be to spare you any disagreeableness, as my particular ways have led you to believe that I am like everybody, or that everybody is like me. No other Queen would have been allowed to answer you, without knowing you, and if I had asked, I don't think I should have been allowed either, as the King is stricter in these matters since once or twice people have been indiscreet and published my letters. And since then the other Courts don't think much of my recommendations. I must take the consequences of my way of acting. I always found it such a terrible loss of time to dictate to a secretary, when I could do things myself. The King never writes, so that nobody may have a word of his; he will scarcely sign a photograph. But real politicians never write. I only do it as a Poet, but therefore I am also considered as unable to judge human matters. If I was reigning myself I should probably do as the others, knowing the danger too well.

Our winter is very sad; in the first place by the famine, then by the death of the King's brother, and now by political diffi-

culties that never fail to follow an economical crisis. Life is very difficult in the Balkans and Carpathians, by the climate and the peculiar circumstances. It requires a good deal of philosophy to remain patient under so many and so overwhelming trials, but we are philosophers, and patient! Your life seems a pleasant dream in comparison to ours, which reminds me rather of missionaries' lives. Dall'Orso is in constant exasperation when he thinks of the beauty and comfort of America and sees our struggles for life here. I daresay it is pleasant, but nobody wanted us there, whilst here they wanted help and so we came; and now we can't stop and say we are tired and want to rest. No rest for us on this side the tomb!

Kind love to the dear little wife and sweet child. And don't measure Europe with American yards!

ELISABETH

Bucarest, April 22, 1905.

Kind friends:—

I haven't written for such a long time, as I have been utterly overworked, and unable to suffice for all that was demanded. But I have brought many things so much higher,

and towards such success that I may look back on this winter as a very good one. This year has been so terrible that it has roused all our faculties. Fancy, we struggled against famine with all our might. It cost the state forty millions! We still continue getting maize from La Plata, which is not a good maize at all, not nearly as good as ours; but our peasants don't eat bread, and have no oven to bake it in, scarcely in any village. The poor beasts find food now at last, at least the surviving ones, but for the peasants there is nothing till autumn. Only now they plant the maize for this year. But I have appealed to all that is strong in my little country, and have organized a society for weaving our silk, which is rich and fine and the peasants don't even know the money they could get out of it. They throw away a part, that one makes those nice curtains with in Italy. There is scarcely a house that hasn't got its weaving loom, but they only weave what they want. There is an Italian firm that has offered to buy forty-thousand kilos of silk cocoons. The kilo of fresh cocoons is paid two francs, and the kilo of dried cocoons five and six francs. So that would be a nice beginning. Of course we hope to rise fast. We have calculated that

the silk-weaving may grow to be a revenue of about a hundred million francs for the country, and that would exclude another famine.

It has cost me many nights to organize that, but now I have got another burning interest: I told you that my valet worked since seven years for the blind of the whole world, and that I found a blind type-setter whom I have taken into my service, and who made the proof-sheets the other had printed, in Braille. Those two have made an invention that is simply marvellous, and that represents the Egg of Columbus in the blind-world, — the machine after which America, England and Germany are seeking since many years without being able to discover it. And the last American machine I bought cost two thousand francs — and this will cost perhaps thirty!! Now these two excellent people could become millionaires with their invention, but they don't think of that for an instant; they want to make a home for the blind with the money they earn. My valet has been to Berlin to take patent for England, France, America, Germany and Austria. Just fancy the joy of Helen Keller, and of Mr. Bell at the head of the great blind school in Columbia! I have already written to Helen Keller to tell her

that something wonderful is coming. One blind person will be able without any help to print five thousand sheets a day, five hundreds books a week! Fancy, the poor blind, who had so few books, may henceforth become as learned as any seeing person. Helen Keller will no more be the only doctor amongst the blind and deaf; there will be as many and more learned people amongst the blind as amongst the seeing! Their concentration is so marvellous and their memory so sure. Fancy my blind school based on the new machine, will be utterly different from anything one has done till now. If only large orders could come from America, that would bring money quickly and make our blind school instantly prosperous. I believe that every blind person will want to have that machine, and print their own books, or live by printing and publishing. It will be a transformation to the life of the blind. I am going to write to Mr. Bell to announce the beautiful thing. He will be so happy! And also in South Africa, Java and Australia, to where I sent books for the blind, they will scream with joy at getting that machine. The first orders have come already from Vienna, from the gentleman who is at the head of all the blind institutions. In

Columbia alone there are five hundred blind in that one establishment. I don't know if every state has got its own. Perhaps you can tell, and get them to order, because if we get sufficient orders we can begin a much greater workshop and have machines to work with. Till now one has to bore ten thousand eight hundred holes per machine by hand, but if we get big orders all that can be done by machines and later on only by the blind themselves. Fancy what a wonderful thing that will be! A blind institute living by that machine without being reduced to the help of kind people and their gifts! Of course we begin with gifts, but then we think that the machine will feed it altogether, because there will scarcely be a blind [institution] in the world that won't want it. Fancy the libraries of the blind, what they will be like henceforth! Of course so much more voluminous than the others, but everything will be had there, whereas till now they only have the books kind ladies have written for them, and which are seldom more than literary works, never a scientific work was yet done and there are so very few printing presses, as they are much too expensive for any but rich blind or big institutions. I am in the wildest excite-

ment about it. When I wrote to Helen Keller, I was in such a perspiration with excitement that I had first to write about other things in order to cool down. And to think that these excellent people don't think of becoming rich themselves but only of doing good to others! That is one of the greatest joys I have had in my life. I didn't think life contained such a precious gift for me!

My valet said that he would not leave my service or change for anything in the world, if he got ever so rich; and the blind typesetter said that he is perfectly content and doesn't want more to live than what he has got through me.

In a few weeks we shall know the exact price of the machine, as we want to get the blind school out of it, and most blind are poor and must be kept gratis, so if we ask for a hundred francs per machine that would be very little in comparison to what has been paid till now. And they already said they would allow the payment to be made slowly, in small sums, by those who can't afford to pay directly. But that would be the utmost that it can cost, as the more is ordered the less it will cost to be made. You understand the advantage.

I am looking for a nice spot to put the school in, — that I want to consist in many, many little houses round a church. I have already found a blind monk who will be our clergyman, as he knows the whole service of every day by heart. I have sent him the blind typesetter to teach him to read and to write, and they are so happy! I have also found a blind engineer who has two children; to him I have sent my valet Monske, who teaches him to read, and soon he will be able to print in three languages, and to earn his living by translating, and perhaps by teaching mathematics in my school. The blind will flock into my home. That I am sure of. We have so many adults by the smallpox, the dreadful Egyptian Ophthalmia, and other illnesses that befell the soldiers and the schools for a time. It has got better, but many have remained blind and resigned, not knowing that there was any help for them. Fancy their joy! They almost faint when they learn what they can do! The meeting of the blind Theodoresco and the blind monk must have been deeply touching, and all the other monks standing around them as if they were saints with something more than human! They went to the church together and prayed there, and now they are

hard at work, one blind teaching the other. You might help me a great deal by getting orders for the machine and for our silk!

Many people are coming here now for our petroleum. I often think how good it was that we didn't listen to the proposals of the American Trust, not knowing who they were, but having many different countries in here to vie with each other now one finds petroleum in great quantities. I always think it a great pity that America didn't think it worth while to have a representative here, as the King never could learn who were the Americans that came, and if they were trustworthy people. Americans can't imagine that when they send a minister to Athens he can with any possibility whatever guess who is coming to Roumania, nor reach them in time, as it is such a long way from Athens to Bucarest, and the interests so entirely different.

They always preferred Athens on account of the climate, but that is generally not what they are for. We saw them once a year, for a few days, and they are never here when people come who ought to be recommended, and of whom we really can't know if they are recommendable. It is such a pity. Formerly there was no feeling against America here,

but through the neglect and disdain they have shown, a kind of illwill has sprung up that will not easily be conquered now.

It isn't wise to show disdain to the small! Sometimes one has to regret it later. Who would have thought that a poor Roumanian blind man would find such a wonderful machine, the whole world has been working and struggling for since ever so many years. In Berlin they were simply wild about it, and they took small children to see if they would understand it. And children of eight years worked it without any explanations, on the spot, as easily as if they had done nothing else. And it is so small that they can carry it in their hand, whilst the last American machine is so heavy that six men had to carry it up my stairs.

You who take an interest in libraries, you ought to feel what it will be for the blind to have suddenly as many libraries as they want; as many as there are in the world for the seeing! Oh what a blessing it will be! I see already the life of the blind utterly transformed. Everybody has thought for them and worked for them, but it was ordained that a blind Roumanian should be the great benefactor, and a worthy one, as he doesn't think a mo-

ment of becoming rich, but only of helping his brethren! Isn't it wonderful? Some rich people in America ought to begin with orders for the blind schools, that would help them and us, and I want the machine to be ordered in Roumania as that would bring money into our country and make the machines prosper that have to be invented for the making of the blind machine. Perhaps Carnegie would order some, as he wants to spend all his money in libraries. Well! One can honestly say that no libraries will be so welcome, or so useful either, as the blind-libraries. Fancy what new horizons are opening for such a big part of poor suffering humanity!

I am sure Marguerite will take a lively interest in our invention, and have a great joy to think that the whole of our globe will be happier by it. I shall send the first to Helen Keller and then to Java and South Africa, where they got books of mine and are very poor indeed.

With many kind wishes for you all.

Ever yours,
ELISABETH

[This woman of chivalric qualities, who when her country was at war threw aside

her royal robes in exchange for a nurse's uniform, and thrust herself into the midst of the dead and dying, in the hospitals and even on the battlefield, working day and night, unmindful of caste or self-concern, blind to every consideration save that of serving humanity, — this woman who although a reigning Queen, knew no distinction between the purple and the white, now becomes almost childlike in her impulsiveness and her exuberant delight in having found a means of giving a little light and happiness to the poor shut-in souls of the blind. In war time she was known as "The Mother of the Wounded," and afterwards she was universally designated as "The Mother of her Country," which she was, in the most dignified, loyal and self-sacrificing sense that motherhood implies. During the War of Independence she wrote the National war-song, entitled "The Watch by the Danube," the second stanza of which is as follows:—

The Danube she loves us, she bears us along
To the battlefield's daring and danger,
And the billows they murmur, "Ye heroes, be strong,
And drive out the Mussulman stranger."
Press onward to battle, for freedom's our aim,
King Carol is with us, he leads us to fame!]

Sinaia, May 3, 1905.

Kind friends: —

I don't wonder that my poor Traudchens letters must have seemed entirely crazy in the most practical world called America! I had no idea that the poor soul had gone off without a manager!

How could she think that my letters of introduction would be sufficient! I might have told her. It was intensely disagreeable to me to write them, as I cannot say that I have been spoiled with enormous interest in my life. I thought the manager she had told me of previously had undertaken her, and I was a little angry at her cabling to me, as all telegrams I receive are registered and read in the Ministries. She is a little crazy, but really good and utterly unable to take care of herself. Her mother brought her to my mother when she felt that she wouldn't live long, and my mother had the imprudence to tell her that Segenhaus would always be her home! And now that letter is constantly shown me and I know that she is difficult to keep in a house, as she demands so much of the servants. She has really been a great tragedian, and can't believe that the world hasn't trembled for joy at her approach! You

can fancy the amount of money she costs me. She is so proud of having sacrificed her career to honesty, and she thinks so little of money that everything I do is like nothing, and just now there is the famine in the country and I do more than I can in every direction. I shouldn't have recommended her if she wasn't really a noble soul, only utterly unpractical!

The idea of going to America alone and without a manager! How stupid I was to write those letters! But I thought in America there is room for so many, and she may be off my hands at last. She doesn't think how many things I have to do, with relatively small means. She will telegraph about the world and never think what it costs! Well, I am not sorry, as nobody has taken any pains for her. When strange artists come to Roumania, even without a recommendation, I am kinder. Fancy the poor thing having learnt English in order to play Lady Macbeth in English! And she was really amongst the first tragedians a little while ago! But what can one do when people are so utterly helpless! One can let them kill themselves and so thousands and thousands go without helping really, but at least I cannot have the horrible feeling of having let someone go under. At the dif-

ferent Courts they said beautiful things to her, but gave her no money. The money had always to come from me as my mother had promised to take care of her. And God knows I have other cares, and hopes too, as my blind typesetter, together with my valet who is a learned merchant, have invented a machine for the blind, that will be a joy over all the world, and on that basis we are beginning our blind school. I am wild with joy! America and England have been trying to find that for years, and in Germany the government has given eight thousand marks a year for the finding of a better writing or printing machine for the blind. The last I got from America cost me two thousand francs — two thousand! And this will cost perhaps fifty. Of course we must take more, as the whole of our blind school will be kept by the income from the machine. I am wild with joy! I forget bygone troubles with the thought of the cry of joy that will ring from one end of the world to the other. We must just keep silent for another fortnight till the patent from America has come in. They have taken several patents so that we are sure of having almost all the orders and of being able to build the blindschool on that! I am so over-

joyed that these poor people haven't thought an instant that they could become millionaires with their invention as it is asked for all over the world. One single blind man can print five thousand sheets a day, five hundred books a week, with this most simple invention. All those who saw it in Germany called out that it was Columbus' Egg! And found by a poor blind man in Roumania! You who take an interest in books and printing, you will be so happy and interested in this wonderful invention. To think that for once America did not take the lead in an invention, but that God allowed a poor blind man in our poor little Roumania to become the benefactor of the whole of humanity in its most unhappy shape!

Isn't it grand of these two that they don't think of being rich themselves! My valet said: "And even if I become a millionaire I shall not leave you, but I will help you to do good for humanity!" You see there are really disinterested people in the world. They say they are happy and want no more, but they want to help me in my great endeavors to help the suffering. When I said to my poor Theodoresco, who had been at the head of the typesetters and earned two hundred

francs a month, and then was in the most horrible misery: "Now we see why God has made you blind, — for the good of thousands!" he answered: "I am no more blind, as light has come to me!"

I begin my school with adults. It is very new and interesting. I have a blind engineer, a blind monk, a blind captain who are learning to read and write from my valet and from two blind, — one of whom is a Jew! And so I begin to give those unhappy people the possibility to earn their children's bread again. We are all beaming with joy; those who teach, those who learn, with trembling fingers. I, and my valet, — we smile into each other's faces as if we had become the possessors of the universe! The first machines are already ordered, as nobody has the patience to wait either in Germany or Austria where they have seen and tried it. Children of eight years could manage it without any explanation, in an instant! Oh what will Helen Keller do! I wrote to her to tell her, and had to grow calm first, as the water was running down me with excitement! Fancy the blind will henceforth have as big libraries as the seeing! We may have very learned men, as they can reach any amount of reading!

Our silk is beginning to work beautifully as well. We have big orders for America and in Italy they have ordered forty thousand kilogrammes of cocoons; undried they are worth two francs; dried they rise to five, six and eight francs. That seems nice for the first beginning. All the winter I have worked hard for these things and now they are beginning to tell, and I am so happy! Thank God I am not Gertrude Giers. Though I am a poet I am practical enough! A great petroleum man from America, to whom I explained the working of the silk-industry exclaimed: "What a talent for affairs you have got!" I was jubilant! You see one can develop any talent by love and sacrifice. When those two things will work well I have several other great plans, but I mean to build them on the success of these.

Our harvest promises to be wonderful, as it always is after a famine, and our petroleum is beginning to astonish everybody as it seems very much richer than one thought at first; and now the silk industry! I mean to prevent factories in order to have only the working of the peasant women's looms in every house. Factories would instantly destroy house-industry. Besides, the very beautiful silks are made

by hand always. The more one sees that they are by hand the better they pay. In a year or two we may be quite prosperous people and then the word of poor Gertrude Giers will come true, that prosperity is a great incentive! People really do believe in one when they see success. But it takes some time till success will come. You see I have been working quietly and silently for more than thirty years towards this end and now only the hour is sounding for prosperity and success! But a poor tragedian cannot wait till her hair is grey!

There are such unhappy people on the globe, that one marvels wherefore!

I hope you are all well. I shall learn a lesson, to do like the rich Americans, and be only unkind to poor strange artists. It's easier! Kind love to all.

ELISABETH

[The Queen's remarks in the following letter about the post-card and stamp collection are worthy of more than passing notice. Her little lecture on the plan of infusing the precepts of generosity and self-denial in the young minds of those who are destined to rule nations will be of special interest to all who are charged with the responsibility of bringing up children.]

Bucarest, May 27, 1905.

Kind friends: —

Your letters were most refreshing and made me feel as if I enjoyed your trip with you. How pretty all those pictures are! It must be lovely to live so near the tropics, especially when there are no unpleasant animals as snakes and others. What a clean dwelling, on and in coral reefs! Charming!

I shall show them to the children, who will enjoy them immensely. As to the postcards I don't know if I wish another collection to be begun. The one of the stamps has made the child¹ so selfish already. Instead of spending his money for others, for presents for his friends, or for gifts to the poor, he hoards every penny to buy these unfortunate postmarks, and has become utterly selfish, from generous that he used to be. He gave away everything instantly and without hesitating, and so I am against any kind of collection in a position where it is essential to keep nothing to one's self, but to give every penny away. You will understand. His governor and I have had many a long talk about this already and tried in vain to wake up the former generosity in the child. The absorbing passion

¹ The little son of the crown prince.

for collecting has made him selfish and rapacious, and that is so dangerous in the life he is supposed to lead henceforth. It is a misfortune in every life. Rather remain poor than become selfish, but in a sovereign's life it is impossible.

Thank you very much for your offer, but I have already written to all my other friends in America about the machine and as soon as we have the patent from America it will be launched there in no time, as the beauty of it will wake a cry of joy all over the world! You must think that I have been in communication for these last six years with all the blind establishments all over the world, in Java and South Africa included, as one sent books everywhere from my house so that the invention will fly over the world and wake wild enthusiasm, and I hope bring a big lot of money for the blind home I am founding on the basis of the machine.

Your books of my uncle have been sent to you many months ago, and even one has already asked here why they haven't been claimed by you, as they are lying near you at the post somewhere, I can't make out. Why didn't they send it you? I didn't know that one must claim them. As it is against Swedish

court etiquette to give or to receive, my uncle sent them to me to do with them as I liked. And one has already asked why you didn't claim them. Isn't it curious? I don't know why you want them so much, as I don't think my uncle a very great or famous poet. But however, for the curiosity of the thing perhaps. There is no pleasure in having the minor items, is there?

If you will help me to have orders for our silks from America, that would be a great help to me. Our peasants are happy at the thought of earning something when their crops fail. Some of them answered that they only work for themselves and never sell, but the poorer ones are overjoyed. We have a command for forty thousand kilogrammes of cocoons and two others — that makes three — from Italy, France and Switzerland. And our silks are excellent because hand- and home-made. They can't be used up; they wash like cotton. I get tired of my dresses, and all my underclothes as well, before they are finished. Three years of constant washing, and it is still as if they were new.

What a nice thing an automobile must be! There are more than a hundred in Bucarest already. But we haven't got one yet; there

are other expenses more necessary, and the King doesn't much fancy one. He hasn't got time to drive about, as he has to work for twelve hours a day. He can never stop, as he is a functionary.

He couldn't talk to you, not being able to talk English, and so of course it made him feel stiff and uncomfortable, and he doesn't even remember having seen you in the terrible quantity of people from all countries he sees every day. You must think that his room never empties, and that it was a great thing to get an audience. That is considered as something very wonderful when there is no minister to present you. You are the only person who had an exception and you think you were coldly treated! The King has a kind of perversion against America, in the first place on account of the importunate remarks about our Jews, and then on account of those Trusts, which inspired us with very slight confidence. And we learned since that even in America they enjoy no good reputation. And fancy them here laying down the law! No, that would not do. And the King not understanding English makes the intercourse with people who speak no languages very difficult. He is terribly overworked just now, and I too. My room never

empties. When you were here I had arranged a kind of holiday for the time; but else I am really in a treadmill and see people often for twelve hours a day.

You must forgive me if I can't write more today, as I must make ready for Constanza where we are going to inaugurate the big cable for Asia, and to baptise a new ship, and then I hope to spend a week on that same ship, and rest! I am extremely tired.

Our petroleum is rising fast; there are ever so many societies forming, and it will be a source of great riches for our country. It seems we have the very best kind of petroleum, and much more of it than we dared to hope.

Kind love to your dear ones.

Ever the same,

ELISABETH

Bucarest, June 21, 1906.

My dear friends:—

You told me to write to you to some wonderful place in the big Archipelago, to some Consul, and I have forgotten where it was, but my last letter has gone after you, through the oceans where you meant to travel when you last wrote to me! I didn't think that you had such an anxious time instead! I am so sorry

for all of you, each in another way. But the clouds will be dissipated by now, I hope. Mine remain more or less; as long as the King's pulse remains intermittent there is no quiet for me, though he has borne those feasts most wonderfully. And now our very pretty exhibition is giving him great and real satisfaction.

I have not the slightest doubt that it would have been very fine to rise quickly with your help, but I don't know if we ought to ask so much from our soil. It has the great advantage of being unfatigued yet, and if we ask too much it will soon yield less, and be condemned to manure like all other countries, which will take all the sweetness out of our corn. Now that the petroleum yields such an enormous exploit I think that there will soon be more capital, and that our forests may be saved, though there are American societies and Belgian societies cutting down timber in a very anxious way. I see it with great care, as I don't think the woods will be as splendid again in a hurry.

There are always two sides to every question, and our second side is to keep some untouched bread for the grand-children of the present generation. They don't feel the necessity of

growing rich till now; they are more or less satisfied, and therefore we prefer to go more slowly than seems natural or wise to the rapidly growing West. With factories our silk would doubtless be much sooner like all other silks, but I don't want factories, or silk like other silk either. I want house-industry to rise and our silks to be like the Indian silks, handmade and delicate and soft like all eastern materials.

My work for the blind is advancing wonderfully. Monske has been inventing on and on, and now the machine for the blind-printing is so simple and so good, that I don't think it can be any better. You can imagine the pride with which I wrote for the exhibition: "Old American system, and Roumanian invention." If you will do a great deal of good to your own country and to mine as well, send us a large order for printing machines. Each costs three hundred francs; the American costs two thousand, without the transport, which made it near upon three thousand, with its enormous weight. Now every blind person can print five thousand sheets a day, so that the blind will have as large libraries as those who see, and it will be splendid to see the blind at the head of thought and science!

Carnegie might send a larger order; it would help our blind and the American blind at the same time. We don't want gifts, only orders, and we can stand alone, without other help. I want to make a city for the blind, instead of a school, and all the people will be workers, men women and children, the seeing and the blind together! A thing that has never been done yet. They always make the mistake to build enormous schools, and then the blind have still to be provided for. I begin by providing for their income and their children will go to school as all other children. The seeing to the state schools, the blind to theirs, — a very simple school like a village school, and mostly instruction out of doors. It will be quite an original thing. As Monske won't keep a penny for himself, but gives all his gain to the establishment, it will be something wonderful.

I am so excited about it after this silent work for near upon ten years, to come out at last with something quite new in its organization! If only we get plenty of orders for our machine. It will be so beautiful to see all the ladies that wrote with such painstaking, printing easily, and having one person to print for four who write, one press for ever so many

plates, and books coming as fast as if they were printed for the seeing! You can't fancy what it will mean in the world, — a great transformation! Three hundred francs for a printing machine is nothing! Everybody says it is much too cheap, but we want it to be a blessing for the blind all over the world, and they are seldom rich.

Since I began my letter we have our exhibition going in a most satisfactory way, and it has given new life to the King, with so much joy and real satisfaction. I have seen almost all exhibitions since the year 1851, and I must say this one is the most picturesque, and for the very good reason that all the pavilions are like old Roumanian houses, churches or cloisters, in one style. What generally makes all exhibitions hideous is the different styles jumbled together in a most inartistic fashion. Here it is one spirit that dictated it all, and it is really exceedingly pretty, being very unpretentious, but very full. It is so very much less like a fair than all the others. We could not keep out a watershoot, and a sham sea battle, on the lake, with tiny boats, but it fetches money. All the rest is really fine and artistic, and a feast for eye and heart. It is a real and great satisfaction after having served

one's people for forty years, to be rewarded in this way, with the greatest efforts they could make to show what they had learnt and how they have risen. I am so thankful the King has had that great joy! Now we are leaving for Sinaia, but we shall be here often during the summer, to look at the exhibition again and again. I must say good-bye to you all for the present, as we leave tomorrow, and I don't want to leave you without news. Perhaps you can find my letter somewhere over the ocean in somebody's care. I can't remember. I have too much in my head to remember names in the present moment, and have been over-fatigued with nursing and watching the King all those long months of illness and weakness of the heart. I think it was brought on by too violent and sudden grief with death of his two brothers in a few months!

The blind are all at work in the exhibition, and everybody is admiring them. They are signing their names for gifts all day long, so that we may begin on a very good and firm basis. The blind-city will be such a novel invention, just as the printing-machine, for them! I hope it will do a great deal all over the world. Your beautiful and most interest-

ing Helen Keller will be one of the first to have one. What libraries there will soon be, as big as your own, for the blind!

Yours must be growing indeed. I wish I might see it. It is so fine when people have great passions! If everybody had one, the world would soon be much richer and much finer.

I must stop. I shall write again from Sinaia. Many kisses for your darlings.

ELISABETH

[The Queen kept her promise to write from Sinaia, but it was more than three years later that she wrote the next letter, which ends the series.]

Sinaia, November 26, 1909.

Kind friends: —

Oh I am so glad to have news from you after such a long time. But I am not astonished; I kept thinking of you ever since the letter must have been written, and wondering why I never got any news after writing somewhere where you had told me in the Bahamas or in the Southsea Islands, I don't remember which. I wrote there and never heard again. Perhaps you never went there after all. I got no more letters and so I thought you hadn't come

back, but gone round the world. I could read your letter, but not what you had done to your hand. Oh why don't you use the typewriter! It is such help when one has tired hands and the cramp and can't write any more. It is the patience of a fortnight, and then one has mastered it.

This is my last day at Sinaia; this evening we are in Bucarest and tomorrow the chambers open. The King will open them in person and look so well that there will be a general cheer I am sure!

I have had very hard times since I wrote you last. The King has been so ailing the last four years that I have been very anxious. My life never runs smooth; you can be always sure of some trouble of some kind. But my home for the blind is rising fast and will be inhabited, I hope, in spring. It will be so lovely! I have got nearly a million together, quite alone, working day and night, and now I give it into the hands of government and return to my pen.

I am so happy your darling child has taken up the beautiful side of life, its riches and depths, instead of losing her time in salons and nothingnesses.

Isn't it a pity to give your library to Washington? I am so passionately against all con-

centrating of good things, that bring thought and riches of the mind to every corner of a country. But of course I can't judge from here. They always say Washington is dead, and tires one, and official, and I don't know what. Everybody says it is the only tiresome place in America. And your library can't kill the atmosphere of officiality, whilst if you put it into a place of students or make it a centre of activity in your own home you will do more for your country than by allowing your work to be swallowed up in the general grandeur of stiffness and officiality. Don't do that! Rather Harvard than Washington. That would be more natural, to my mind. I love the centres of study, and hate, oh hate, the centres of government! In our days they are hot beds of immorality! All envy centres there. And envy is at the root of all evil! It is hell-born, really!

I have had to suffer so much from envy that perhaps that seems to me the worst of everything, and where it is fed and reared seems to me the beginning of hell!

You can't fancy the amount of work I have done since I saw you! And the amount of suffering I went through! But now better times are dawning. The King's health is so

much better and a young doctor has found it out—it is in reality bile-stones and of course very painful from time to time, but one can cure it by rest, care and quiet. The unrest of those nights of pain has been very trying. The King's seventieth birthday would have been so bright but for his being so ill with influenza that he had to get out of bed to receive the German Crown Prince. The same was for our fortieth wedding-day!! Fancy! I am married forty years now! It seems yesterday. I don't feel old! Only I remember too much! If one could forget, one should be quite young again; it is remembrance that ages us! Even grief would wear off if we could forget!

All my different things are rising and growing; nothing had to be cancelled or diminished; everything is thriving. That is joy indeed, and if one has many troubles in the making, once the things go, the joy is perfect!

My editor Davis seems to be quite in pious work. At least he sent me scraps of pious things. I didn't answer as I had no time to take that up also.

I'm afraid that I am making more mistakes than allowed, as I am writing on another machine, and not accustomed to the places

of the type. But the Hammond is gone to Bucarest already.

The printing-press for the blind is very near being ready. It has taken years more than I thought to get it as perfect as it must be if it is to be useful. Mrs. Fearn has been all over America lecturing the blind, and for the blind, in my name and has had the most touching success, morally, not materially; but that is quite secondary, to my mind. The comfort she has brought the poor things is unspeakable! I got most touching letters from many places. You see, one continues in the one work one has got in one's mind, all through life! I believe that each of us had their mission traced out beforehand. We have to do a certain thing, and no other; that must be accomplished so that it may live without us. That is the great criterion of a thing, if it can do without us after a time, then it is alive indeed.

I wish we might meet again! Nothing is impossible on this tiny earth of ours. I expect such great things from the comet, as I remember the comet of 1858 that brought such heat and such wine and such corn! And how wonderful it was, over more than half the sky! Marguerite will enjoy it!

The aeroplanes are exciting Europe terribly, more so than America. It seems to me they are grand things, but so dreadful! I felt almost sick with giddiness watching that flying! I have the feeling that earth will grow very tiresome and that we shall soon try to leave it by means of some machine. Only we are not quite sure of the reception we might meet with on another planet. I think we are safer here, but humanity has to go on and to try things! It seems to be so predestined.

What is the use of the North or South pole either? We can't get into the inner side of earth, even by its ends!!! We have to crawl about on its outside and believe the inside to be very interesting and rich too!

I am sure your home has grown much more beautiful since I saw the photos. Things change so much, though they seem always the same to those who live amongst them. The castle has changed altogether. One would scarcely know it any more. It is really very beautiful.

I must stop; there is so much to be done this morning. One is always sad to leave one's home for six months! One never knows if one finds it again! Kind love to all three.

ELISABETH

POEMS ("VERS LIBRE") BY CARMEN
SYLVA

CHILDLESS

Flow on river in the plain,
Yes, flow far away.
My soul is crushed and the fleeting days pass.
Birds sing when the sun's rays appear in the
 East;
And young girls have flowers woven in their
 hair.
I know which is my cottage, because it is quite
 the smallest,
And because it has two stork's nests.

And I am she who has remained childless.
And yet no one has ever cursed me,
And I am like the others.
And the nests are sorry for me,
And Phoebus, father of stars, is sorry for me
 too,
And says, "Oh childless woman, how hast
 thou improved my sun-lit days?"
And the sound of cradles rocking comes to
 my ears.

And happiness flees far away from me,
As the dying sun turns his golden face from
the earth.

And women of glorious maternity
Come and take my hand. —

And I have no strength for the anguish that
rends me.

I weep like a widow;
For the childless woman is pitied by widows,
And their tears are dried before her tears.
And the tears that she sheds, God does not
reckon,

Since she has no children to wipe them away.
And God takes no heed of her days,
Since He denied the smiling of children to
them,

And Death will find her quite alone,
Because no child will be there to glorify her.
And none shall know her resting place,
Since the footsteps of children make the
pathways to tombs.

My prayer goes up unheeded,
Because no child is here to tell me, "Mother,
pray."

And impious thoughts will conquer me,
Because no child is here to tell me, "Mother,
do not blaspheme."

All that are mothers can understand me;

And yet I know not the joy of motherhood.
And life for me has one more mystery than
for my sisters,
And one less joy to know.
I am sadder than widows,
And widows are ashamed to cry when I am
near —
And sorrows whisper when they see me pass,
“Silence all! There she is!”

Children sleep around their firesides.
God blesses the slumber of children,
And their dreams are flowers of gold.
Flowers of children's dreams —
God blesses you!

My doorstep questions me, “When is he coming?”
And I can find no answer to make.
And I abhor both the day and night.
A voice sings within my breast and I wonder,
“Is this his voice?”
And I know that it is the voice of my wish.
And I say to the river,
“Why dost thou render fertile the plain?”
And I hate the earth because of its fecundity.
And I love sepulchres because nothing buds
in them,

And I am without future, just as the tomb.
Oh! How joyful and gay my home would be!
And I would put him to sleep with my smile.
And I would love to see his eyes,
And I would forget, when seeing his eyes,
That there are other joyful things upon this
earth.

The nests and the cottages would call me
their sister

If I became his mother!

For I hear his voice in my breast;
He is there but he will never be born,
And longing for him is all I shall have had.
And the sound of cradles rocking comes to
my ears.

Flow on river in the plain,
Yes, flow far away.

My soul is crushed and the fleeting days pass.
Birds sing when the sun's rays appear in the
East;

And young girls have flowers woven in their
hair.

I know which is my cottage, because it is
quite the smallest,

And because it has two stork's nests.

THE SONG OF THE HAIDUC¹

I tell my dreams to the murmuring forest,
And the forest loves the tale of my dreams
More than the singing of birds,
More than the rustling of its leaves.

Many homes have tried to detain me,
For their windows stood open wide,
And within were the smiling faces of girls.
But I am the Haiduc, who loves the wind-
ing of the road,
And the galloping of his horse.
The day I was born was a day of bright sun-
shine,
And had I not been in love, my life would
be gay.

I sing at the hour of the rising moon,
And I know all the stories the old men tell.
And I make young people dance when I sing
my old tales.

For I once loved a lady strange
Who comes to kiss my forehead every night,

¹ "Haiduc" or "Haiduck," in Roumanian, means a benevolent bandit (like Robin Hood) who robs the rich to give to the poor. It also means any vagabond of the mountain country, including also gipsies and others who live from hand to mouth. There are some famous Haiducs now living, having given up the leadership of rebel bands to live quietly in cities as porters, janitors, etc.

And to ask if I surely love her still.
She carries a poignard in her belt,
And her eyes shine like dagger blades,
And her hand is white as a new bride's veil.
And I never can hear her voice.
But I know she is asking if I love her still.
And to prove it to her, I give her my broad
belt,
And my lamb's wool hat bedecked with plumes,
And my embroidered cloak and my shin-
ing daggers.
I give her all my songs one by one;
And the gayest cannot cause her to smile,
And the saddest do not sadden her; —
And she goes away and crosses the river
On the little shaky bridge.
And the willows bend over her path.
And at morning I am poor and shaken,
Since she has taken all,
Even my songs,
And because she wants to know
Whether I love her still.

FALLEN

Plant no more flowers close under cottages;
They wilt in the shadow, —
And flowers love the sunshine.

My sister, for four weary weeks no rain
Has fallen on our fields.
And for four long weeks I have wept,
I who was wont to stop tears with my laugh-
ter.
I hate the pearls that stud my belt, and
the gold coins of my necklace.
My blouse weighs me down like the coat
of the robber,
And black sin has come over my threshold;
It has closed the door again behind it.
And I remain alone, alone with my sin.
The blessed sunshine cannot come in, be-
cause my sin has shut the door,
And all that I once loved now says,
"Remain alone with your sin."
When that which is born of my sin shall
be born,
I shall fear to tell him, "Thou art born!"
For if he could answer me, he would tell me,
"It were better you had died."
Show me the way that leads to the tombs,
That I may become familiar with them,
And that I may tell them my sin;
For they alone will not reproach me.
And graves say to Love, "May you be blessed
For the fruit that you bear,"
And do not ask of love,

“In what manner bear you these fruits?”
But all that is living turns from me,
And virgins tell me, “We are pure.”
And the stars are ashamed to look upon me,
And the rain abandons my harvest —
The one I love blames me for once having
loved him.
And his eyes avoid meeting my eyes, and he
blushes
When young girls blush as I pass on my way.
And the spring has allowed me to drink as of
old,
But its water does not quench my thirst,
And if I looked in it, the spring would be
censured by all
For having reflected my face.
The passerby is shocked by my spindle’s in-
dolent motion,
And asks, “What woman is this,
So tired at her spinning?”
And my own sisters say,
“We do not know why
She is so lazy at her spinning wheel.”
Show me the way that leads to the tombs,
That I may become familiar with them;
For homes will not have me, since I dam-
pen their joy.
And I bear my curse wherever I go,

And the happiness I had appears like a torrent gone dry,
Where now only stones can be seen,
And the river has gone hence.
And happiness now never comes to my door,
Because when my sin came, it closed the door behind it.

Plant no more flowers close under cottages;
They wilt in the shadow, —
And flowers love the sunshine.

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT

A woman, passing on the road, came asking
me for drink,
And I gave her clear spring water,
And she blessed me and my house,
Then she went on her way, still blessing us both.

I shall tell this to my little dead mother;
For she told me just before she died:
“When a trouble comes to you, come and tell me in my tomb;
For I will suffer no longer there,
And you will believe that I understand, since I shall not reply.

And you will thus divide with me the pain
that burdens you.
And I shall take one half into my tomb,
And I shall not desist from sleeping on be-
cause you weep,
But you will weep no longer when you see
that I can still sleep.”
I shall go to tell my mother in her tomb,
Sleep on little Mother,
It is but me with my pain and care,
But you must know the pain that is mine,
And I must give it to you, as we consign
our dead to the earth,
Which takes them with indifference, but does
not relinquish them.
Mother, little Mother, it is well indeed that
you died,
And did not come to know my woe!
You may say in your tomb, “I am she who
has died,
So that I might not see the shame of my child.”
Mother dear! You have never known him,
and I am thankful that he remained un-
known to you.
For you would also have loved him, since
I love him,
And you would also weep for him, since I
weep for him.

I never thought to ask what woman he
would take for his wife.

I did not try to find her path to encounter her.

I shall not say to her, when her path comes
across my path,

“You have taken all of my joy here on earth!

You have emptied my jug, and broken my
crust for yourself.

I owe my tears to you!”

I shall never tell her these things, but I
shall keep far from her;

And I shall not say to him himself when
we two happen to meet,

“Curse you for having taken that wife!”

And I shall never attempt to regain him
from her,

Since she is the one whom the fates chose
for him.

And I shall tell him, “Do not look at me,
for I weep,

But I do not weep for you;

It is for my mother I weep, my little mother
in her grave.”

And I will make him think this true, so that
his heart may have peace,

So he may smile upon his wife with all his heart,

So that repining may not enter their home
through fault of mine.

But you — Mother dear — since your heart
is without care,

Let me tell you all before your tomb,
That I may have strength to say nothing be-
fore him.

And since this can make no difference here,
Little Mother, where you sleep quietly,
I shall weep aloud,
For you will not say to yourself,
“It is my child who weeps
Because the one she loves has abandoned her.”

A woman, passing on the road, came asking
me for drink
And I gave her clear spring water,
And she blessed me and my house,
Then she went on her way still blessing us
both.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE CORN

When the maize is still young it sings and it
murmurs,

But when it turns yellow and sere, it sighs;
And it longs for the days of its verdant youth.

As soon as the sun has set I appear, and I
carry a gun on shoulder,

And I do not sleep the livelong night,

And all the twinkling stars know me — the
 moon also knows me,
And I know what the many stars and the
 moon
Say to the river,
To render it their thanks
For reflecting them all night long.
And it is always the same tale that they tell,
And the river listens each time,
Like a Sweetheart's ear to her Love's old song,
As if it had never heard all this before.
My wife sleeps on in our cottage,
And her spindle has ceased to turn,
The while the moon and the twinkling stars
 relate their ancient tale.
If I had a little galloping horse,
 Which would take me o'er the plain,
I would tell it to him as we sped along.
Had I a child of my very own,
I should tell it close by his cradle's side, —
This story told by the moon and the stars, —
In order that others than the river might
 be told,
For the river flows far off, and perhaps will
 tell it there
In some distant and foreign land,
And then my village would never be told
 This ancient tale.

The night is soft as the veil of a bride,
And the gipsies are afraid to come in the
corn,

Because I am here.
And since the corn is saddened by its age,
And I knew it when it was green and happy
in its youth,
I ought to tell it the tale, —
But tomorrow comes the autumn wind,
And the autumn wind tells the dying corn
whate'er it wills;
And I prefer to know alone
The story, the moon and twinkling stars tell
to the flowing river,
To render it their thanks
For reflecting them all night long,
While I stand here, my gun on my shoulder.

When the maize is still young it sings and
it murmurs,
But when it turns yellow and sere, it sighs;
And it longs for the days of its verdant youth.

THE THREE SISTERS

Dost love my songs and my dancing,
And my necklace trembling with my sighs?
I love thy kiss.

There were three sisters whose waists were of
a size,
And their spinning wheels were alike, and
likewise they all had a single love.
These sisters are dead,
For they all had the selfsame love,
And the one whom they loved knows not on
which grave to pray.
And each grave repels him by saying,
"Pray on the other!"
And the graves have no flowers.
And sometimes the sisters awake
And say to each other,
"Dost love him still?"
And flowers will grow upon their graves
When they shall no longer question each
other so.
And the one they love knows not on which
grave to pray. . . .

Dost love my songs and my dancing,
And my necklace trembling with my sighs?
I love thy kiss.

THE FATEFUL SONG

I have never told the wind of my love,
And I love to hear it in the woods.

Spring evenings will come again,
And the fields will say to the flowers,
 “You have returned again!”

Who will know how much I weep in my
 empty house?

No one can know it; there is no one in the
 house.

One time I knew a song, and my loved one
 had begged of me

That I would never whisper this song,
Because it would bring him ill luck.

But my loved one went far away,

And I thought so much of him

That this song of his kept coming to my
 lips—

I thought of him so much.

A traveler stopped one evening before my
 door,

And I said to him, “Oh you who come from
 down the road,

And go away by the road,

Do you know where my loved one is?”

And the traveler had some blood upon his
 knife.

But he did not frighten me, because I was
 thinking of my love.

And the traveler said, “Sing that song to me,

And I will tell you what has become of him,
And I shall talk to you of him."
And then I forgot my promise,
And I sang the song to him;
And the stranger trembled while listening.
Then I saw that his face had grown very pale.
He said to me, "I am the soul of your loved
one;
May you be cursed for singing this fatal song!"
I said, "But it was for love of you. . ."
But his soul fled away forever,
And left me accursed.
I cannot forget the song that I ought never
to have sung.

I have never told the wind of my love,
And I love to hear it in the woods.
Spring evenings will come again,
And the fields will say to the flowers, "You
have returned again!"

THE LAST EVENING

When a flower sees the snow for the first time,
It is quite surprised to find that snow can
be so white,
The flower says, "Snow will not do any
harm to me,
Because it is so white."

At evening you told me a tale by the fire,
And I looked out on the sward;
The corn was in its glory, and it covered
all of the plain.

And I looked out on the plain to avoid look-
ing at your eyes,
While you were telling me this tale of yours,
And I interrupted you to offer you a drink,
And I interrupted you to show you the grow-
ing corn on the plain.

When will you return to tell me yet other tales?
I no longer recall the tales you told me then,
But I still remember your voice,
And I know that you are far away now,
Where I would be wrong to follow.

You did not wish to remain among us.

If the house appeared 'sad to you then,

You should have told me so.

I would have laughed and the house would
have appeared joyful.

If the doorstep was too sombre for you,

You should have told me so,

And I would have planted flowers,

Enough to conceal it from view.

If my presence no longer pleased you,

You should have told me so,

And I would have gone away to my grave,

So that you might have stayed in the house.

For the traveler's feet find that all roads are
long,
And his heart is not known to a village of
strangers,
And strangers cannot help or comfort him.
And the sadness of travelers is as nothing to
strangers.
For they all have their home, their mother
and their wife,
And the stream from which they drank when
they were children.
And they ask of the traveler,
"Why then did you leave your mother and
your good wife?"
You told me a story by the fireside,
And you watched the flames so that you
would not see my tears,
And my tears flowed as far as the fire,
And the fire said this to my tears,
"You wish to put me out?"
And you were telling me a tale,
And I interrupted you to offer you a drink,
And I interrupted you, to show you the grow-
ing corn on the plain.

When a flower sees the snow for the first time,
It is quite surprised to find that snow can
be so white,

The flower says, "Snow will not do any
harm to me
Because it is so white."

DEATH FOR LOVE

Take the flower from my breast, I beg thee,
And take the blossom also from my hair,
And then begone; for the night is so clear,
And the bright stars will be glad to look on
your path as you go.

A man came to the village a few nights ago,
And the village folk asked him, "What do
you seek?"

But he did not tell for what he sought.
And he went along through the village
And stopped before each cottage he saw
Which had a flower painted on the wall.¹
And the man asked of each of these cottages,
"Cottage, where a girl is sleeping,
Where is the girl who would gladly die for
love?"

And the cottages were still.
And the man arrived before the smallest one.
There was a broken spindle on the doorstep,
And a broken ewer stood by the old spring,

¹ In Roumania it was the custom to paint flowers on the walls of cottages where unmarried women lived.

And when the man asked of this cottage too
If it contained the girl he was seeking,
The girl threw wide the window and said,
"Yes. I will brave Death for Love!"
And the man blessed her and kissed her on
the lips,
And the young girl was dead at break of day.

Take the flower from my breast, I beg thee,
And take the blossom also from my hair,
And then begone; for the night is so clear,
And the bright stars will be glad to look on
your path as you go.

SLEEP

You came and sat 'neath the poplars close
by my door,
And you looked full long at my door, but
you did not come in.
Why do you so love the poplar's shade?

Slumber spoke, saying, "I know many things,
I understand both dreams and sighs,
I know more than the ever-murmuring forest,
I know more than the weeping river,
More than the singing wind,
More than the hearts of men,
Since I make their hearts be still."

And the forest and the river and the wind
and the hearts of men
All of them said to Sleep,
"Oh! Tell us all that you know."
And Sleep answered their question thus:
"I will tell you very softly."
And he whispered this to them:
"I understand rest!
And I also know what the young girl conceals,
And what the wife dares not say;
And I divine it from their breathing.
Death envies me; because one does not need
to go down in the tomb
To be with me.
And Death says to me, 'Why do you let
them awake again?'
And I let men awake again
So they will love me more.
And I give them a sweet smile on their lips,
In the place of tears that they have shed.
And the young girl tells me,
'Oh, yours is the face of my dear love!'
And the wife tells me,
'Oh, you have my husband's own voice!'
And from Death I have leave to seek out
in their tombs
And bring with me, those whose sleep is long
To those who sleep but an hour.

And those who sleep but an hour
Bless me for bringing back
Those whose sleep is long.
'You taste like cool spring-water,'
The thirsty traveler says to me.
'You look like my old home to me!'
The wanderer says.
And from the Past I have leave to seek at
 nightfall
Those who have suffered,
To bring them with me before those who
 have given them pain.
And they who wronged their fellow-men
Tremble to see their victim's face.
The man with blood on his knife says to me,
'There is blood upon your hand!'

And, 'You have a knife in your hand!'
Says the traitor at sight of me.
I am as kind and just and bad
As men make me,
For I am loved and I am feared.
I live in nests, for they are high,
And in graves down under the grass,
And the hearts of men are in need of me,
And I have need of their troubles, and of
 their joys,
To make dreams of them.

And a sleeping man is holy,
And they say of a man who sleeps,
'God loves him, for he sleeps.'
And the one to whom sleep is denied
Is pitied by other men,
And they say of him, 'He cannot sleep!'"

You came and sat 'neath the poplars close
by my door,
And you looked full long at my door, but
you did not come in.
Why do you so love the poplar's shade?

THE UNFORGIVING TOMB

Do not look at the sky at dusk,
For it saddens the hearts of men.
But always look at my heart,
And you will find happiness there.

A woman used to come close to that tomb,
And to ask, "Will you forgive?"
And it used to say, "Begone!"
And the woman would leave it in tears.
And she would always place a flower on the
tomb.

But the tomb would never forgive.
And the woman would say again,
"Take my tears!"

The tomb would answer, "Begone!"
But when she would go away,
The upper stone would rise,
And the dead would look at her going away
in tears.

Do not look at the sky at dusk,
For it saddens the hearts of men.
But always look at my heart,
And you will find happiness there.

THE CHILD'S IMMORTAL SOUL

Go in the forest this evening, and see how
leaves go to sleep,
And the leaves will tell you, "'Tis the wind
puts us to sleep."
The chestnut trees are all in bloom.
My child, who now is dead, crosses the river
at night,
And looks with astonished eyes at the plain,
As if he never had seen it;
And he talks with the flowers,
And he does not even look toward the house,
Nor toward the window whence I look at him,
Nor toward the doorway where he once played
with me.
But he thinks all the while,
And his thought comes into my room

Like the sunlight;
And his thought says to me,
"Little Mother, I have prayed in my tomb,
For you to have another little child.
And ardently I prayed the tomb not to take
 this one from you,
As it took me.
And I asked the river
To receive him kindly on its shore,
And the flowers to treat him well,
And to feed themselves upon my dust,
 Which once was your blood,
So they may be more beautiful for him, to
 come from your blood.
And I have told the birds
To sing to him, close by my grave,
'Death shall not take you, as it took him.'
And I have asked life to seem kind to him."
This is what the thought of the dead child
 said to me,
His thought which comes into my room like
 the sunlight.

Go in the forest this evening, and see how
 leaves go to sleep,
And the leaves will tell you, "'Tis the wind
 puts us to sleep."
The chestnut trees are all in bloom.

THE HOUSE OF THE BARD

I took all his pearls to string them like beads,
But they fall from my trembling hand,
And roll in the growing wheat.

Come into the house of the bard,
It is open always,
And the song-birds build nests within as in
the forest,
And there is sunshine there all day long, as
in the sky.
But in the sky it shines for each and all,
Whereas in the house of the bard, it seems
to be at home.
And then there is also a spring close by the
door,
And water always fresh,
And at the house of the bard, the moon on
coming in
Becomes a beautiful smiling girl,
And at the house of the bard, when sadness
enters the door,
It is a woman, pathetic but beautiful.
And the bard sits on the floor within this
house of his,
And he does not arise when one comes in,
But he points through the window to the sky.

And if you should thirst, he does not offer
you drink,
But points you out the spring.
And if you weep, he does not wipe away your
tears,
But he sings his songs to you.
The storks also love the house of the bard,
And many swallows know it well,
And they say far off, on seeing it,
“Come along, there is singing there.”
And sometimes a woman stands outside the
window,
And she looks at the house within.
She sees the bard who is singing.
And he has both daggers and flowers within
his house,
But neither are ever seen.
And the house would seem quite empty,
Without the sun and without songs.
And there are window panes all around
To see the sky and grass.
And grass seems to grow within the house,
One sees so much.

I took all his pearls to string them like beads,
But they fall from my trembling hand,
And roll in the growing wheat.

THE SONG OF THE TWO SISTERS

Both roads are lined with walnut trees,
But by one of the roads the walnut trees are
 green,
And by the other they have lost all their
 leaves.
We shall follow the road where trees are al-
 ways green.

Sister! Sister! Why did you not tell me so at
 the time?

We have emptied three distaffs together,
And I have not seen your hand tremble.
And when I spoke to you of him
You leaned toward the jug as if to drink,
And I thought that you were taken with
 thirst.

Sister! Sister! Have you learned silence then
 from the tombs,

To remain silent with me in this way?
Think you that if tombs were able to speak,
They would not be happier far?
You fingered at the fringe that I have at
 my belt

When I spoke to you about him,
And I thought those were idle fingers,
And you did not ask me, "What is his
 dwelling like?"

For if you had but asked me that, I would
have known you love him.
And then I would have tried not to love him
as you do.
But now we both of us love him,
And the love of each is like the river,
Which weeps that it still must flow
And can never cease from flowing.
And I begin to dislike you,
And I feel that I could come to hate you too.
Your spindle's whirring sound will not let me
hear my thoughts,
And when you sing, it seems that you are
singing dirges to him.
When he comes toward us, we watch each
other,
To see which one is most anxious for him.
The one he prefers has a smile on her lips,
And the other has knives in her glance —
And when he leaves, we watch each other,
To see which one of us suffers most.

THE SISTER

Sister! Sister! Your long earrings
Of dark blue glass caress your face
When you are dancing;
I used to love dancing with you.
And now I could wish you were dead,

And yet, I am afraid that you will die,
For he might weep tears over you,
And then I should know he loves you,
And if that is so I do not wish to know it.
Trees do not know which axe will cut them
down,

And they can enjoy the sun.
When I ask you, "Why do you put your
jewels on?"

You do not answer me,
And you seem lovelier each day,
And I fear he loves you,
And that it may be this joy in your heart
Which makes you look so.
The wool on your distaff seems whiter far
than mine,

And when you have stopped beside the spring,
I ask of you, "Why do you stop here?"
And I fear you are seeking him;
And I am not even content when you sleep;
For you must see him in your dreams,
And perhaps, in dreams, he tells you of his love,
And my image is not there to tell him,
"You lie!"

Sister! Sister! Did you ever offend your
mother,

Or have I forgotten to give wanderers drink?
Why then should God punish us so?

I should much prefer to die unblessed,
And see the painted flowers effaced on the
front of our house,
Than to have a sorrow which grows greater
still
When I attempt to share it with you.
Oh I should bless someone who came and
sang the dirge of death at my door,
So I would die in a month;
And still I do not really want to die;
For he would perhaps not be saddened by my
death,
And then you would know he loves you.

Both roads are lined with walnut trees,
But by one of the roads the walnut trees are
green,
And by the other they have lost all their
leaves.
We shall follow the road where trees are al-
ways green.

THE STRANGER

I once passed before her dwelling,
And she was standing in the doorway,
And she did not see me pass by;
And the highroad was long before me.

A stranger once entered into my house,
And I gave him a friendly hand,
And he sat by my fireside resting his fore-
head in his palm,
And he asked me, "Have you many cattle?"
And his feet were all covered with dust.
I did not ask of him, "From what village
are you?"
And he had put his sack on the floor close
to me,
And his sack held only a single stone.

I once passed before her dwelling,
And she was standing in the doorway,
And she did not see me pass by;
And the highroad was long before me.

BEFORE HIS BEDTIME

Do not go tonight, for I saw a falling star,
You would do better to wait till dawn.
The smell of new mown grain comes from the
fields.

The child with white teeth was bearing a knife
Just next to his heart,
And the knife-blade ran into the little child-
ish heart,
And his heart went fast asleep in the blood,

And the mother drew forth the dagger from
the heart of her child,
Without waking the heart,
And she said, "Oh, who will give me back
my child?
Who will place me beside him in his grave?"
And the heart did not awake again.
And so they buried the child whose heart
was but sleeping a while.
And once it was in the ground,
The heart awakened and said,
"It was not yet time for going to sleep!
Little Mother, come tell me
Why did I have to go to sleep before bed-
time today?
Had I told you that I was tired?
Is that why you put me to sleep?
Little Mother, why are you not with me,
To sing me a little song now that I am
awake?
I dreamed of flowers and of your smile,
And of the house too that stands looking
towards the forest,
And of my father going to work with his
spade.
Little Mother! Come tell me how I happened
to go to sleep
Long before my bedtime."

Do not go tonight, for I saw a falling star,
You would do better to wait till dawn.
The smell of new mown grain comes from the
fields.

THE SLEEPLESS BABE

Listen not to the tale of the wind,
For it comes from afar; it is weary and worn;
It is like an old man who has seen all of life—
Listen not to the tale of the wind.

Neighbor! Neighbor! Have you finished your
spinning?

Has your good man gone off to sleep?
I have been calling you for an hour, over
the wall,

And you thought it was only the moan of
the poplar trees.

Come into my house, neighbor, and look at
my child!

For eight weary weeks that he has been born,
He has never slept; he keeps his eyes open!
I no longer know what song to sing him,
And I envy you other mothers your sleep-
ing children!

“Woman! Woman! What did you sing to
him the night that he was born?”

I sang to him of all the earth, of all things
that grow,

And of the forest with all its birds,
And of men who arise with the dawn, to go
out to their work,

And of laughing children who bite unripe
fruit,

To show their pearly teeth;

And still he did not go to sleep!

“Woman! Woman! What did you sing
while he was still unborn?”

I sang to him then of my mother-love,

And of my spinning for him,

And of the gladness in the house,

And of my husband who always smiled at
me now;

And the child next to my heart was not asleep.

“Woman! What did your heart sing,

When you conceived this child?”

I thought of my mother, who conceived me
likewise,

And of her whitened hair,

And of my father, peaceful in death.

“So the joy of new life did not fill you un-
alloyed!

And you thought upon the past, while the
future was taking form in you,

And so your child cannot go to sleep,

Because of your mother's whitened hair,
And because of your father in his grave!"

Listen not to the tale of the wind,
For it comes from afar, it is weary and worn,
It is like an old man who has seen all of life —
Listen not to the tale of the wind.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

Tomorrow my happiness will have passed
away,
And my soul will be darkened,
And tomorrow all day will seem dark night
to me.

He threw his spade into a corner,
And he told us all his story.
He told us, "I had a daughter
Whose dress was spangled with silver,
And she asked of me, 'Father, which is the
road to the plain?
I love the plain when the moon shines down,
And I want the moon to look at me also.'
And one night I followed my child into the
plain,
And I saw the great moon looking at her,
For she talked with a dead man there;

She was caressing his head, and giving him
a drink,
And showing him the beauty of the earth,
And the dead man smiled too, on seeing her
smile,
And they had the cross from his grave be-
tween them there,
And the dead man asked her, 'What do you
do all day, without me, on the earth?'
And she answered, 'I wait for night.'
And the dead man went off, taking his cross
with him,
And the child came away, bringing sorrow
with her.
And I killed my daughter, that she might
join the dead, —
And I killed my daughter!"

Tomorrow my happiness will have passed
away,
And my soul will be darkened,
And tomorrow all day will seem dark night
to me.

THE VAGABOND'S FLOWERS

Do not watch me when I sleep, for then I
dream,
And you would see upon my face

The picture of my dreams, in smiles or tears;
The clouds are blown along by the wind.

I awakened in the morning, and the first I
saw was the sun,

Then I saw the road with men passing by,
With pipes in their mouths, and one of them
a vagabond.

He held a flower in his hand,
And this one was his youth.
He held a flower in his mouth,
And this one was his song.

He had another one at his belt,
And this one was his love.

I went out to work with my spade on the plain,
And drank from the spring, and I looked up
at the trees,

And I slept beneath the trees, and at even-
ing I came back to my house;

And I saw the rising of the moon.

And men were passing on the road, and one
of them a vagabond.

And he had a faded flower in his hand,
And this one was his youth.

And he had a faded flower in his mouth,
And this one was his song.

And he had another faded flower at his belt,
And this one was his love.

And I did not invite him to come into my
house,
And he went away into the night.

Do not watch me when I sleep, for then I
dream,
And you would see upon my face
The picture of my dreams, in smiles or tears;
The clouds are blown along by the wind.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM

If you have acacia flowers, give them to
children;
For they will throw them on the grass;
I love the hour of sunset.

My loved one said to me,
"Do you know what I saw in my dream?"
And I said to him, "Did you dream of my
face, or of my house,
Or of your field of growing corn, or of your
oxen and the plow,
Or of your knife with the pretty red wood
case?"
"No. I dreamed I saw myself, and I was very
gay,
And I was singing songs under the trees,

And I had a dead man at my feet,
And I had my dagger in his heart, and his
blood flowed on the grass.
And the man had said on dying, 'Be happy!'
Then I saw my mother as she was
When she bore me just under her heart,
And when she went out to work, bearing me
with her;
And I saw myself as I was then.
Then I saw my gravestone,
And it was out in the sunshine.
And I saw myself within my grave,
And I saw my soul return again to the house,
And place itself on your distaff,
And cause you to stop your weeping.
And then you asked,
'Who has stopped my tears from flowing?'
Then I saw our first-born, the one you
will bear because of our love,
And it had not yet seen the light,
And I saw it looking at life wistfully.
Then I saw myself once again,
And I was weary of seeing these things,
And I no longer looked on this dream with
my soul;
And I said, 'Dream, begone!'
And then I continued to sleep without
dreaming."

If you have acacia flowers, give them to
children;
For they will throw them on the grass;
I love the hour of sunset.

SOULS THAT WERE TWO

Go on the plain and you will see the plum-
trees,
And the plum-trees will tell you
How much they love the springtime.

The one I love went away at dawn,
And at evening she had not returned,
And I asked of all the highways,
“Which is the road she went along?”
And she had our child in her arms,
And I asked the men I met,
“Have you seen a woman pass, holding a
child in her arms?”
And these men were too much in haste to
answer me,
And so these men gave me no answer.
And I sat down beside the flowing river’s
bank,
And I asked the stream, “What sings in
you?”
And it answered saying, “It is the child’s
soul!”

And I went in the poplar's shade,
And the mother's soul sang in the trees.
And the mother's soul said to the soul of the
child,

"We were two upon earth!"
And the two souls had forgotten me!

Go on the plain and you will see the plum-
trees,

And the plum-trees will tell you
How much they love the springtime.

CURSED BY MATERNAL TEARS

He put his great coat down by the side of the
ditch,

To sleep there the whole night through.

Have you led the cattle to drink?

For they were very thirsty.

I took a seat on the grass,

Out where there was no road to be seen.

And a woman came through the fields and
asked me,

"Do you not know where the road lies?"

And I said to her, "No. I do not know
where."

And she told me, "Oh, I have never found
a road 'neath my feet.

And villages always stay far from me,
And I never come to a cottage door,
And even graves keep far far away."
And so I questioned her, "Have you ever
 had a son, or little daughter?"
And she answered me thus: "Yes, once I
 had a little son,
And then my husband became estranged
 from me,
And so I went out in the plains,
And the child did not care for me,
But he smiled at his father;
And I wanted to stop him from smiling,
And I wept over him, and my tears flowed
 and covered his face,
And since then the child has been cursed,
For a mother's tears are harmful to children,
And so my child cursed me for having wept,
And I came out into the plains."

He put his greatcoat down by the side of the
 ditch,
To sleep there the whole night through.
Have you led the cattle to drink?
For they were very thirsty.

NAUGHT BUT ASHES

The rain said to the earth, "I long for the sky!"

And the earth said, "What care I for your grief?"

You make me rich."

Someone passed close by under my window,
And someone's finger touched the pane.

Sister! I went fast asleep sitting by the fire,
And my heart was burned black while I
was sleeping there!

And when I awakened again it was all in
ashes,

And the ashes were warm.

And my mother came in and said, "I am
weary!"

And I said to her, "Do you want some ashes?
I have naught else."

And my father came in and told me,

"The hail has ruined my wheat! I am sad!"

And I answered him, "Do you want some
ashes?"

And my sister came in and told me,

"My love loves another, and he has broken
my heart!"

And I said to her, "Do you want some
ashes?"

And my best beloved came in and said to
me,

"Will you not say that you love me? My
soul is tortured."

And I said to him, "I can give but ashes."

And Death came and spoke to me, saying,
"I love your youth, and I will give your
youth to the earth."

And I said to Death, "Will you take some
ashes?"

The rain said to the earth, "I long for the
sky!"

The earth said, "What care I for your grief,
since you render me rich?"

Someone passed close by under my window,
And someone's finger touched the pane.

TO THE SOUND OF THE GUITAR

The wind has tried to steal the song that I
sing,

To repeat it to the woods and the plains,
And if the wind should ever take my song,
The woods and plains would say, "How beau-
tiful it is!

This singing of the wind."

Sometimes a wanderer comes to our town,
And sees the young people dancing,
And listens to our village songs.
Then he says to our bard, "Give me your
guitar;
I will sing to you of my love!"
And the bard gives it to him,
And the wanderer sings to us of his love.
He says, "The sun once came down from
the heavens above,
Because he preferred my heart,
And the sun took up his place in my heart,
And they said as I passed along,
'Look at that man who carries the sun in
his heart.'
And my voice was filled with joy, like those
of young shepherds,
And I saw at dusk a wondrous girl,
Who was picking plums from a tree.
And I passed along my way,
As if I had not noticed her.
And the young girl came quickly toward me
and she said,
'Wanderer, your horse is black!'¹
And I said to her, 'How quickly you can spin!

¹ Black horses are greatly prized by the people in the mountains of Roumania, especially by wandering horse-traders and gipsies.

And how pretty your house is!’
And I did not linger with her by her door,
And I rode far away on my little black horse,
Which the young girl had admired.
And so she died, from having seen it leave,
And each night her soul,
Her little soul, comes and tells me,
‘Wanderer, your horse is black!’”

The wind has tried to steal the song that I
sing,
To repeat it to the woods and the plains,
And if the wind should ever take my song,
The woods and plains would say, “How beautiful it is!
This singing of the wind.”

